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1 DEC
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

SPIRIT OF AMERICA

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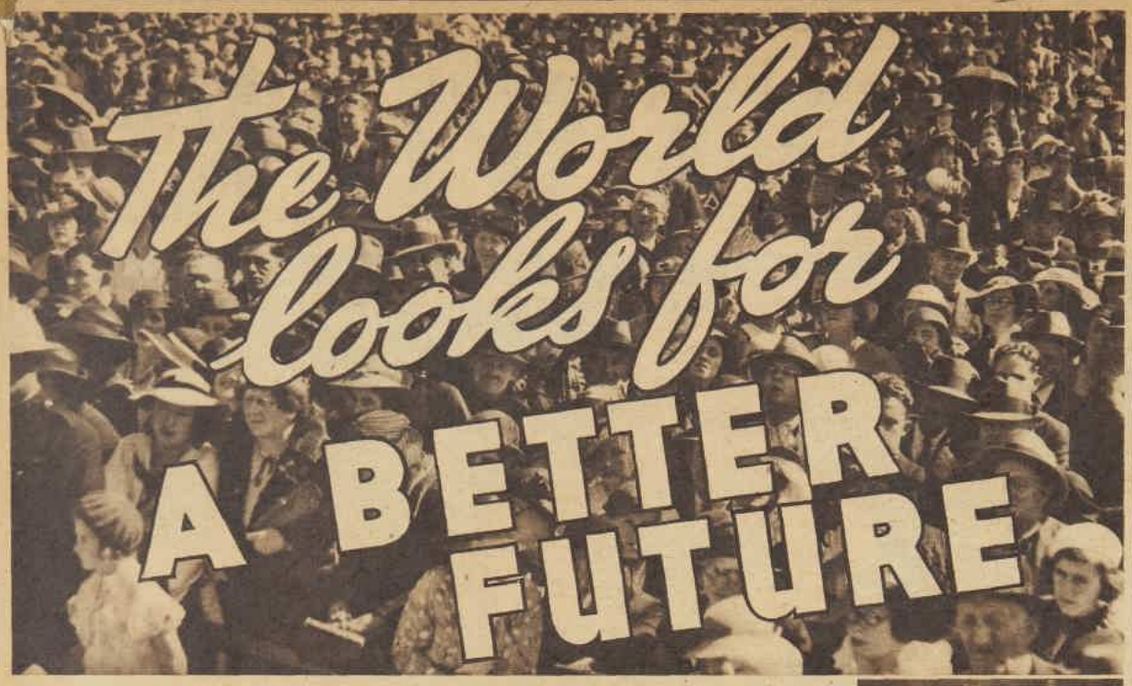

The World looks for A BETTER FUTURE

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

To-day's world is full of painful things.

The hopes for mankind, which once were universal, have come to seem illusory; instead of progress there has been a revival of ancient savagery.

Is all hope for human happiness and improvement indeed merely self-deception?

What is the use of caring for children if the world is to be such that existence is intolerable for them?

How can we avoid becoming discouraged and hopeless?

I AM sure the answer to these questions is not to be found in despair.

It may seem to you conceited to suppose that you can do anything important towards improving the lot of mankind. But this is a fallacy.

You must believe that you can help bring about a better world.

A good society is produced only by good individuals, just as truly as a majority in an election is produced by the votes of single electors.

Everybody can do something towards creating in his own environment kindly feelings rather than anger, reasonableness rather than hysteria, happiness rather than misery.

The sum of such actions makes the difference between a good and a bad world. If you are an eminent statesman, your environment is large; if you are obscure, it is small.

In the one case you can do much, in the other, little.

But you can always do something.

Every parent who brings up a child in such a way that he becomes rational and kindly is achieving part of what must be done to make a happy world.

Everyone who resists the temptations to intolerance which beset us all is helping to create a community in which differing groups can live side by side in mutual amity.

One man can do little against a vast evil, but vast evils arise from adding together many little evils, and vast goods arise in the same way.

You may say: "What can one man do against a world?"

But if you were wicked you could do equally little for evil.

Good and evil alike, however vast, spring from the efforts of individuals—not only of eminent individuals, but of the ordinary men and women of whom communities are composed.

Never before in the history of the world have the independent thought and conscience of every human being been so necessary and important.

We need—each of us—to make a serious and determined effort towards something better than the present.

There must be the hope of a world with less cruelty and suffering, and there must be a firm will to do whatever is possible towards bringing it into existence.

We cannot combat the immense dynamic forces of political fanaticism without something equally dynamic and at least as resolute.

GREAT PHILOSOPHER'S INSPIRING MESSAGE

We can set our races against injustice, prejudice, falsehood, and cruelty. But it is not enough merely to go about overflowing with vague benevolence.

Our emotion must lead to work that is somehow connected, however indirectly, with the creation of a better world.

Then, too, if one is to keep sane and balanced in times of disaster, it is necessary to remember constantly what is good in the world as well as what is bad.

The only adequate way for us to endure large evils is to find large consolations.

If there is to be any way out of despair it must be by remembering more things, not fewer; by enlarging our horizon, not by narrowing it; by being more aware of what is good, not by seeing only what is bad.

The human race is a strange mixture of the divine and the diabolic, making both good and evil inevitable.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, outstanding among modern philosophers, who wrote this article. An Englishman, he is famous as a mathematician and a writer and lecturer on social and moral questions.

Complete despair is no more rational than blind optimism.

There is not only cruelty and suffering. There is poetry and music and love and aspiration, rising triumphant over pain—showing us how splendid man can be at his best, inspiring us to live up to what is noble and turn away from what is petty and mean.

There are the sublimities of man's achievements with pure intellect; thus have we learned what we know of the ways of nature, thus are we able to contemplate the great and timeless universe in which the eddies of the present seem of small account.

There are courage and endurance in many millions of human beings, heroism in countless humble homes, scattered throughout the land. There is heroism in serving mankind.

I am thinking of the doctors and nurses who expose themselves to infection in dangerous epidemics, of scientists who risk their lives in experiments to save others suffering, of firemen and lifeboat crews, of gallant rescues, of facing unpopularity for a cause, and innumerable other forms of bravery.

There have been, in history, good periods and bad periods, but neither has been lasting. It is our misfortune to live in a bad period, but it will end.

And it will end the sooner if we as individuals keep hope alive.

And so, to the man or woman tempted by despair I say: Remind yourself that the world is what we make it, and that to the making of it each one of us can contribute something.

This thought makes hope possible; and in this hope, though life will still be painful, it will be no longer purposeless.

How does she keep so Youthfully SLIM

NEVER imagine it to be difficult to keep that girlish figure that once meant so much to you. Thousands of women retain the charm and slenderness of yesterday simply by taking Bile Beans regularly.

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"When people ask me what I take to keep so slim and fit I just tell them Bile Beans every night. A friend whom I had not met for years said I looked younger than ever."

—Mrs. B. HULME.

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Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MAJ.-GENS. C. BONESTEEL AND H. CURTIS

. . . Allies in Iceland

LEADERS of Allied forces in Iceland are Major-General C. Bonesteel, of U.S. Army (left) and British Major-General H. O. Curtis, who is O.C. of all the troops, including American. "It is not a question of a British or an American army," they say. "We are all here together. We will have combined training exercises."

MISS J. MARTIN

. . . Turkish women

HEADMISTRESS at the American Academy for Girls, Scutari, Turkey, Miss Jessie Martin recently visited Australia on her way home to U.S.A. on furlough.

She has spent 20 years teaching in Turkey, where, she says, women are now judges, doctors, deputies in the legislature, and schoolgirls have compulsory military training.

PROFESSOR W. K. HANCOCK

. . . Home-front historian

BRITISH War Office has appointed brilliant Australian scholar, Professor W. K. Hancock, to plan a history of Britain's wartime home front. As only All Australia Rhodes scholar, Professor Hancock won the highest distinction at Oxford, a Fellowship at All Souls College.

Lecturer in Modern History, Adelaide University, at 26, he was youngest professor in the Empire. Returned to England in 1933 as Professor of History, Birmingham University.

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Our flying boys in Russia . . .

BRITISH FIGHTER PILOTS' first meeting with a Russian sentry. Several Australians are members of a Hurricane fighting squadron operating with the Red Air Force.

SERGEANT-PILOT ARTHUR GOULD, of Brisbane, who is among Australians in the R.A.F. wing operating in Russia.

Australians live in snow dugouts . . . dine on roast seabirds and reindeer

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

Four Australian pilots are living in dugouts under heavy snow and ice right on the edge of the Arctic Circle. They are members of a Hurricane squadron that's fighting with the Russian Air Force.

All the boys are drawn from famous fighter squadrons. They all volunteered to fly with the R.A.F. wing operating with the Red Air Force.

TO-DAY I had my first news of them from their letters, full of praise and admiration for the pilots of our Russian ally.

Arthur Gould, neat, dark-haired Brisbaneite, tells me in his letter of the wonderful hospitality of the Russians and the magnificent reception accorded our boys when they arrived.

"Champagne and caviare were turned on at 9 o'clock in the morning.

"It was a pretty marvellous gesture, though we'd have liked a good cup of tea at that hour, for we'd had a long journey.

"Our food is good and plentiful, but so greasy we are glad when our own rations arrive to break down the rich dishes.

"We live on seabirds' eggs and have roast seabirds and stewed reindeer.

"Seabirds' eggs make enormous omelettes, but, like all Russian food, absolutely swimming in grease. I like roasted seabirds. It is very like chicken, and reindeer is a bit like veal, though not so tender.

"There's plenty of milk, and always a glass of hot milk for us before breakfast.

"Russian tea they serve with so much sugar in it, we've had to ask them to break it down a bit.

"Sugar does not come to the table granulated, or in lumps, but in big cakes about twice as big as a brick. The Russians just knock off a slab and put the equivalent of seven or eight lumps of sugar in one glass of Russian tea.

"It is funny the way even Russians think Britain is starving, for when we arrived girls who serve at a communal feeding centre (which is the same as our mess) were full of sympathy for us, and forced us to have large lumps of bread.

"This bread is sour, dark, and not very palatable to us, so we bake our own now.

"Girls work on the aerodrome, but can't wear a uniform like the W.A.A.F. in England."

Selwyn Clarke, another Australian from Onslow, W.A., told me something of the women of Russia when describing long lines of uniformed girl soldiers he saw marching through Murmansk. They were dressed much the same as soldiers, and are equivalent to the Auxiliary Territorial Service in England.

He described the heavy work women do as fantastic.

"Women even carry telegraph poles, dig and mend roads, unload boats as they come in.

SERGEANT-PILOT SELWYN CLARKE, of Onslow, W.A., who is among Australian pilots in Russia.

"These women stevedores have muscles like men, are of splendid physique, and, in spite of their masculinity, they've a dignity which seems to overcome the roughness of their hands and clothing.

"Some of the pilots' wives have come from Moscow to live around the aerodrome. They are much smarter than the country women, who dress very drably, but even the smartest Muscovites do not come up to the standard of British women.

"It is only rarely that high-heeled shoes are seen. Sometimes the wife of the Russian General dances in shoes, but everyone else wears long boots all day and night, even doing the foxtrot in this heavy footwear.

"The women are very independent and seem to like dancing together quite unselfconsciously, and one of our boys was sitting by the wall when a Russian pilot came up and asked him to dance.

"Housework for women has been reduced to a minimum. There are communal dining-rooms to every large block of flats, or perhaps for a whole street. No cooking is done at home.

"This makes it easier for Russian women to go to work, for they've no worry about shopping or baking, and they seem to like to live this way.

"It is hard to say whether I think Russian girls are pretty, though I think I could say they are handsome, and one or two of the girls attached to the aerodrome are very pretty and completely natural.

"The special quality which they have is sympathy and a great kindliness. We have a feeling they would share their last meal with us, for they certainly lavished on us whatever luxuries they had, like vino, which is Russian red wine.

"They are always anxious to know more about England, and the knowledge of English literature among some of the more educated Russians is astounding.

"An interpreter, the day we arrived, had a long discussion with us about Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare.

"Their favorite British film is 'Robin Hood,' for the story of the peasants appealed to them, and Australian Errol Flynn is the most popular actor in Russia.

"'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' is second favorite."

Sergeant-Pilot B. J. Campbell, who comes from Cairns, wrote:

"The Red Air Force pilot is the hero of Russia, and he's pictured in flying kit on Russian roubles and paper money.

"Russian fighter pilots exchanged top buttons with Australian fighter pilots, Australians wearing gunmetal buttons with the hammer and sickle, but the Russians wouldn't wear the R.A.A.F. wings till they took the crown off, for the crown means Tsarist regime to them, and they are most particular with the use of such a symbol.

"Russian pilots look like Cossacks, for they don't wear flying kit like our boys, but long great-coats neatly belted and wide lapelled, square-shouldered, and lined with fur.

"The coat doesn't button from the waist down, and as they walk it flies back, revealing knee-length flying boots.

"Their flying helmets are much the same as those worn by the R.A.A.F., except being wider across the top."

Of the four Australians serving in Russia, three are sergeant-pilots, one is an officer.

He is Pilot-Officer Mark Sheldon, who tells a story of Russians singing all the time. All the way to work they sing, then sing-songs last all night.

The boys all had mail from Australia, most of the letters being those posted in June, and they've already eaten some of the Christmas puddings sent them, and shared them out with the Russians, who delighted in the fruity cakes and puddings.

A Commissar called on the R.A.F. squadron to present it with a mascot, which was a young reindeer not much bigger than a goat. However, Mark says the pilots overfed the reindeer and it died the other day.

Australian ingenuity seems to be startling the Russians, for immediately our boys arrived they started to fix up for themselves their dugouts in the snow in comfortable style.

From the nose of a Hurricane that crashed they fixed up a wash basin on a trestle, and soon knocked together tables and chairs out of big barrels they commandeered.

A perfect 'set' this easy way!

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FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

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JOURNEY'S END. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Osburne, Edith, and Robin beside the car in which they made their 3000-mile journey from Perth to Sydney.

They crossed Australia on charcoal

Osburne family bring pioneering up to date

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Anyone who doubts that the spirit of the pioneers lives on in modern Australians should meet the Osburne family. They have just completed a three-thousand-mile car trip across the continent complete with children, goods, and chattels to start life afresh.

Mr. Humphrey Osburne wanted to bring his wife and two children from Perth to Sydney. He had a car, no money to waste, and the ordinary citizen's petrol ration. Yet he did it.

MR. OSBURNE built this gas-producer himself from sheet steel, and fitted it to his car. Along the road he burned charcoal in improvised pits.

HE built a gas-producer from sheet steel and fitted it to his car, added a trailer carrying three and a half tons weight of luggage and tools, enough petrol for a tenth of the journey, a couple of sheets of iron for charcoal pits, a gun, and set forth.

Of the 44 bags of charcoal they used they burnt nearly half of it themselves in improvised roadside pits from bush timber.

Their food was eked out with fresh meat—kangaroos (unprotected in West Australia), rabbits, and birds.

A battery radio kept the Osburnes in touch with the news all the way.

The luggage included, too, a hand sewing-machine, and during the month's stay at Holbrook Mrs. Osburne calmly settled down to three-year-old Robin's summer sewing.

They spent two months on the road—"we weren't record-breaking," said Mr. Osburne—and a month at Holbrook, where Mr. Osburne serviced local gas-producer units.

Within 20 miles of Sydney he chose a site for a gas-producer service station at Helensburgh.

"Arriving in Sydney just at the start of the Japanese war I thought of doing munitions work, but decided that I would be doing an essential service by sticking to my own line," said Mr. Osburne.

A modest and thoroughly capable pair, the Osburnes are both country-bred, although for the last eight years they have conducted a dealers' and repair business in Perth, repairing everything from motor cars to furniture.

Robin, who has just had his third birthday, and 13-year-old Edith are a couple of healthy young Australians entranced with their first tour of their own country.

Resource needed

Not many cars journey along the overland route these days.

"It was never lonely though," said quiet-voiced attractive little Mrs. Osburne. "All along we passed road gangs working on the east-west highway.

"The cold winds blow straight up across the sandy wastes bordering the Australian Bight, along which the transcontinental road runs for hundreds of miles. The railway is from 50 to 100 miles to the north along this part of the journey.

"The budgerigars were nesting on the stunted timber approaching the Nullarbor plain.

"Sometimes the air was filled with the flash of thousands of bright green wings.

"There is plenty of water along the road, in storage catchment tanks, at 40 or 50-mile intervals.

"At times our supplies ran low, for there was 700 miles between shops.

"At one station we managed to buy some stores, and my husband kept us in fresh meat. On the Nullarbor plain the rabbits are so plentiful that it's practically impossible to miss them.

"One overlander—in fact, the only one we met coming in from the east—was rabbiting, and prices for skins are so good that he has paid for his trip.

"Mostly we pitched the tent at night. We took mattresses which we laid on the ground, and were usually comfortable.

"Once we found we had pitched camp right over a bullants' nest, and had to shift everything in the dark!"

Mr. Osburne knew at the beginning of the trip that he must make plans for burning his own charcoal.

"Burning meant two and three night camps," he said. "The pit had to be dug, timber gathered, and after it was burned the pit was covered with the sheets of iron and more earth, and the wood left to carbonise.

"Naturally the quality varied a lot. We used mostly myall in West Australia, and redgum in South Australia. In one or two places we were reduced to tea-tree, which isn't so good.

"Nobody remembered to warn us that for a hundred miles on the Nullarbor plain there would be no timber at all, but we just made it with the supplies we had.

"At one point where we needed charcoal the ground was too rocky to dig successfully, and we converted a rabbit warren."

Mrs. Osburne is used to family migration. Her father, the late T. H. Hall, was a champion shearer, who at the beginning of this century went from Australia to Patagonia.

Mrs. Osburne was born there and lived on her parents' estancia until she was nine years old.

Then her mother, an Englishwoman, decided that she would prefer to rear her daughters among Britishers.

So the Halls came back to Australia, via England, and settled on the land in West Australia.

THREE-YEAR-OLD ROBIN astride a kangaroo. Mr. Osburne kept the family in fresh meat through all the bush country.

HE'S NOT THE MAN I MARRIED

John and Mary Kirby had been happily married for years. They adored each other. Then John was drafted into an essential service . . . the extra strain began to tell on his nerves.

Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, if your nerves are ragged, jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. This nourishing, well-balanced food will restore the vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady — help you carry on.

HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION**

—helps resist the strain.

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She schemed for a pretty girl's happiness, and won New Year joy for herself.

NEW BEGINNING

Katie pulled back the curtains and peered out anxiously.

KATIE could see herself reflected in the long dingy mirror as she sat there—a stout elderly woman clutching a letter in her hands.

She could see the kindly creases about her round mild blue eyes and small firm mouth, the fresh apple-red still in her cheeks, her large, cumbersome body dressed in a neat well-cut grey coat, her big flat feet set squarely on the floor.

Katherine Lawson, that was what the official at the desk would call when it came to her turn among all these women with their bags and their shabby clothes and their depressed faces sitting here waiting to be interviewed.

What occupation do you require?

Nursemaid, preferably to a very young family—preferably where there was a new-born baby. Katie liked her babies to know her from the very beginning. She liked to be the first person whom they came to trust. Even if when they no longer required a nurse she had to leave and grow to love some fresh baby it was pleasant to think of one more small life set forth on the long road.

But this time it was going to be difficult. It was going to be so hard to love any baby after Lisbeth and the twins and small Annette. She should be retiring on her annuity instead of sitting in this dreary room waiting to see if there were a new job for her. But her savings had dwindled rapidly in six months of unemployment.

She must get another post quickly, before the New Year certainly.

New Year! For the first time in her life the thought of it filled her with a strange fear and dread. She felt all at once too old for new beginnings — New Year, new post.

What age?

Fifty-six. But she was very strong and active and had had great experience with babies.

How many had she cared for since that far-off day when very young and eager and confident she had taken that first bundle from the doctor?

That had been young Paul Foster, now a father himself. Then there had been Mary Lee, then the three Talbot children, then tiny delicate Angela May Martin who had died, then . . . Good gracious, how many had there been? The routine was so familiar.

But suddenly she was too old to begin all over again. Fifty-six. It was true, what the woman at the desk would think. She was too old.

Who was your last employer?

Sir Henry Grant, of Steeple Hill. Yes, she would see the official's face change when she gave that address. It was good. Anyone who had been nurse to the Grant children for nineteen years should not lack further employment. Unless . . .

Then it would come, the inevitable question.

Why did you leave?

There was no answer to that. She couldn't say the children were too old for a nurse. Only Lisbeth was grown-up; the twins, Simon and Peter, were eleven; Annette only eight. There had been another nurse at Steeple Hill for the past six months, a thin, sharp-looking person from Glasgow. No, she couldn't say that.

She couldn't say she wanted a change when Steeple Hill had been her home for nineteen years, when she could remember every shadow in every room, when sometimes she awoke so sick with longing for the sound of the rooks in the elms, the shouts of the children in the garden that it required all her fortitude and stolidity to face another day.

No, there was only one thing to tell the cold-eyed official at the desk, and that was the truth. That she had had to leave Steeple Hill because she had fought too hard for Lisbeth's happiness.

The worst of it, the really unbearable part, was that she didn't even know whether she had succeeded. Had she been right in her actions? Was Lisbeth happy now?

The answer lay in the unopened letter in her hands. But Katie could not bring herself to open it. She had carried it all the way from her boarding-house, and she was still afraid to open it. The first letter Lisbeth had written to her, forwarded on from Steeple Hill. It was six months since she had heard any news of Lisbeth. Suppose she was unhappy . . .

Katie turned the envelope in her hands. There was Lisbeth's handwriting—bold, clear writing that had changed little since childhood, when Katie herself had guided the small, unsteady fingers. Looking at it made Steeple Hill seem so near, almost as if she were there now, as if nothing extraordinary had happened and it was still two nights before Lisbeth's wedding.

Katie closed her eyes and everything became clear. She was back at Steeple Hill, lighting the candle to go round the children's bedrooms.

She had done this regularly for eighteen years, ever since Lisbeth had been old enough to go without her ten o'clock drink, and had slept through the night. Electricity had long since dispensed with the necessity for candles, but Katie, with her gentle, unshakable, characteristic stubbornness, insisted on doing her nightly round by candlelight. It was familiar. Katie hated changes. She distrusted all new things.

To-night she went round the children with her usual care, her large, flat feet moving with surprising noiselessness. She saw that Annette—an attractive child, but not as pretty as Lisbeth had been, nor possessing the same intense life and charm—slept with her round fair little face buried in the pillow. Peter was sprawled over the bed in his usual ungainly attitude. Simon breathed with a slight snuffle, as if he had caught a cold.

But for once these things were only on the surface of her mind. She was thinking that in two days Lisbeth would be married, and she felt sad and a little lonely. It would be strange without Lisbeth in the house.

Things were changing. Life was very insecure. What would happen, she wondered, holding the candle over small Annette's sleeping face, when the children grew up?

Perhaps she was a fool not to have married her friend, Jacob Brown, when he had asked her over ten years ago. She had not been in love with him, but if it had not been for the children she would have married him and no doubt have been very content. Maybe, she thought to-night, she had been wrong in refusing him.

But as Katie stood outside Lisbeth's door she knew with the clearest conviction that she had not been wrong in her decision. Lisbeth would have missed her. Lisbeth would have cried for her Katie, and what did one man's happiness count for compared with Lisbeth's?

Lisbeth was too old to visit at nights now with the lighted candle, but to-night she had gone to her room early with a headache and Katie, without knocking, opened the door and went in quietly to see if she slept.

A muffled sob greeted her from the bed. Katie gave an exclamation of dismay and hurried forward. The candlelight fell on the disordered bedclothes, on Lisbeth's body curled into a forlorn ball and the peak of her fair hair showing above the bedclothes.

"Miss Lisbeth, what is it? Is your head aching so badly?"

Lisbeth gave a convulsive wriggle and another sob was wrung from her. Acutely distressed, Katie sat on the edge of the bed and put her hand on Lisbeth's shoulder.

Please turn to page 12

By Dorothy EDEN

Eager and entreating, the young couple gazed in the windows.

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NIGHTMARE ON WHEELS

Her quiet drive developed into a hectic whirl of adventure.

"You'd better get his gun. I'm afraid to touch it," said Anne falteringly.

By PUTNAM F. JONES

ANNE hardly breathed as she swung the car into the last open pocket beside the Wendover station. She would never be able to forgive herself, never feel comfortable with Ray again, if she were the first to scratch that beautiful finish.

As soon as the front wheels touched the kerb she turned the motor off and looked at her husband.

"Was I too close?" she asked. "I'm always afraid I'll bang a fender."

Ray grinned reassuringly. "You had a foot to spare over here. Stop worrying, angel-face. You're a licensed driver now."

"I know, but the car seems a mile wide and the road keeps shrinking."

"Everybody's like that at first. You'll get over it."

"I hope so. I'm scared about that drive to Mother's to-day. Do you really think I should try it?"

"Of course I do. Honestly, sweet, you're a lot better than you think."

"When you're beside me, I'm all right. But alone — well, I don't know."

He leaned over and kissed her.

"You're a mug," he said, "and I hear my train coming. But look now—you go ahead and drive. I'm counting on you, and so is the car." He opened the door and climbed out. "'Bye, kid."

"'Bye, darling. Have a good lunch."

When the train had left, she wondered for a minute whether she would be able to drive at all, now that she was on her own for the first time. She went through the routine slowly, following Ray's instructions.

"Gear shift in neutral," she repeated under her breath. "Ignition on —press the starter." The motor came to life, purring softly. "Clutch pedal down—gears in reverse—brake off—let the clutch out gently—feed it gas."

Warily she turned the car, expecting any minute to find danger rushing at her from every direction. But she got to Cedar Avenue all right, and by the time she reached her own block her fingers had loosened their tight hold on the wheel and she was driving with some of the ease Ray had taught her.

She ran the car into the driveway beside the house and parked it under the kitchen windows. That way, she could look at it while she washed the breakfast dishes and planned the trip to Elmvale, where her mother lived.

She had promised she would drive over there as soon as she got her licence, but the idea seemed a little wild now, since Elmvale was at the opposite end of the city and she would have miles of traffic to contend with. She wished Ray were going.

The dishes moved automatically through her fingers. Outside the window, the car gleamed in the sunlight and the chromium trim was almost too bright to look at. Studying the graceful lines for the hundredth time, Anne felt the same warmth about her heart she had felt the afternoon Ray brought the car home. That had been six weeks ago, and they had thought about little else since then.

Ray said the car was hers, because she had found the money for the down payment. She had known he wanted a car, though he never mentioned the subject — a young lawyer with a wife doesn't expect many extras on two hundred dollars a month.

But month after month she had prodded the budget, squeezing out every cent she could, till at last, on the evening before their first wedding anniversary, she was able to tell him how much they had.

It had been fun to watch his face when he heard the news.

"Do you mean," he asked finally, "that you've saved three hundred dollars? Out of my salary? In a year?"

"Yes, but I've been worried about it sometimes. You could use another suit, and perhaps you'd have liked better food."

"My eye! I've got all the clothes a man can wear, and if I ate any better I'd soon have to pay double fare on the railroad. Lady, you must be a witch or something."

They found their car in the second place they went to. Both knew it was theirs from the minute they saw it out in the middle of the floor. Ray knew the quality of the engine, and there was no question in either's mind that it was the body and finish they wanted.

"I love it," Anne murmured, wondering how so much beauty could be bought with a few hundred dollars.

They signed the papers and made their first payment that evening, and Ray drove the car home the following afternoon. Anne was on the front steps when he got there, and they took a short drive right away. Then, after dinner, they went far out along the river, and Anne was sure no magic carpet had ever been half so wonderful.

Ray had insisted that she learn to drive. The car would be there all day, he told her, since he would not be taking it to work, and she might as well be able to use it. At first she had held back, fearful of what might happen to those glossy fenders if she ever touched the wheel, but Ray had finally persuaded her.

They spent a month on the lessons, followed by a week of practice both on the open road and in traffic.

The last lesson had been the hardest. In order to sharpen her judgment of pace and distance, Ray had sent her up the road alone to turn around, while he stayed behind in the middle of the highway. She was to come towards him at a good rate until she was about a hundred feet away, then put the brakes on gradually so as to stop the car within a yard of his knees.

The first time she tried it, she locked the wheels and skidded to a stop thirty feet away, while pins and needles danced along her spine. Ray came forward grinning.

"Better try it again," he said. "Don't worry about me. I'll jump if there's any danger of getting smacked."

On her second try she overran the mark, and even though Ray jumped aside in time she was shaking all over as he climbed up out of the ditch. "Oh, Ray, I can't!" she told him. "When I see you there in the road I go all to pieces!"

He reached through the window and touched her hand. "Be a good girl," he said gently. "I know you can do it, and I'll feel a lot better when I'm sure you know it too."

So she had driven up the road and turned around again. As she came forward this time, she kept her eyes on the spot where Ray stood. Reaching the place where she was to start braking, she took her lip between her teeth and pressed steadily on the brake pedal.

The car lost speed at an even rate, and when she finally slipped the clutch and brought it to a stop, the front bumper was denting the crease in Ray's trousers. He smiled and climbed into the front seat.

"You're so beautiful you hurt, darling. It took plenty of nerve to come back and do that. I'd bet on you to pass the chauffeur's test right now."

She had passed the regular tests yesterday, which was all she cared about. She was glad, though, that Ray had been beside her when the officer stamped her card, because the man had said, "You seem quite at home in a car, Mrs. Stevens. I wish all our applicants drove as well."

Ray had kissed her when they got back to the car . . .

The dishes took longer than she had expected, and it was almost noon before she had tidied up the house. She wondered whether she was unconsciously putting off the moment when she must start for Elmvale. Also, she wondered whether the hollow feeling at the pit of her stomach was a presentiment of bad luck or just plain cowardice.

She showered and dressed and at one o'clock walked out to the car. She touched the door panel with her fingertips.

"You're a spoiled puss, my sweet," she said, "but you are pretty." Sliding in behind the wheel, she pressed the starter and the motor answered with its lazy purr. She shifted into reverse and backed out of the driveway.

The traffic was fairly light at first, and it was pleasant to ride along in the sunshine, just a little bit proud of herself and the car. But as she got on everything was different. Heavy trucks rolled out from factories and warehouses along the river, and the road began to swarm with passenger cars and delivery waggons. To Anne it seemed as if they were crowding in on her from every side, bent on taking away the final inch or two in which she had to manoeuvre.

She tightened her fingers on the wheel and spoke under her breath.

"Keep away from them, puss. They're jealous of your fur, and they want to maul you."

A coal truck swung around her and cut in, missing her front fender by half an inch. She instinctively slowed up, and there was a squealing of brakes from behind her. Immediately another truck pulled out and passed. The driver yelled from his cab: "Don't let it throw you, sister. Them things is dangerous!"

Anne's cheeks burned. She was driving too slowly, of course, but the tightness had crept from her fingers up into her arms and shoulders. She stared down the long boulevard. There were miles of traffic ahead, with a hundred chances in every block to dent a fender or lose a wheel.

"I shouldn't have brought you into this, puss," she whispered. "Ray will hate me if I let you get hurt, and he won't polish you any more. I should have gone the other way."

She kept on for another half mile, but that was as much as she could take. Her heart was beating like a riveter's hammer, and there were cars everywhere, swooping past in a nightmare procession.

She edged towards the kerb so as to be ready to make a turn right. When she got near the intersection, however, she found herself blocked by a large grey sedan standing in front of the bank that dominated the corner. The car's engine was running, as she could tell by the exhaust and by the vibration of the battered rear fenders, but the driver gave no sign of moving. He was facing towards the bank, with his eyes on the entrance.

Anne wondered whether she should use her horn. There were other people behind her who wanted to make the turn. But before she could decide three men walked rapidly out of the bank and down the steps. The two with satchels in their hands got into the grey car, while the third stood with one foot on the running-board, looking back over his shoulder.

At that moment there were two quick reports, like pistol shots, from inside the bank. The man who had been watching swung himself into the car and slammed the door. The big sedan jerked forward, then rounded the corner, whining in second gear.

It had hardly straightened out when another man rushed from the bank. He was tall, with heavy arms and shoulders, and he moved with surprising speed. When he got to the pavement he stared for an instant at the place where the sedan had been, and his lips twisted angrily. Then he turned, and before Anne could guess his intention he had crossed the sidewalk and wrenched her door open.

He slid into the seat. "Get movin', sister! Straight down the boulevard!"

Terrified, Anne looked at the face so close to her own. It was flat and brutal. She pressed back into the corner of the seat. "I—I can't. I ——"

A gun muzzle prodded her in the side.

"You heard me! I just finished one guy in there, so I ain't worryin' any more. Now step on it, or else!"

Somehow she got the gear lever into low and wavered out into the stream of traffic. She clung to the right-hand lane, as she had been doing all the time.

Her companion stirred impatiently. "Get out in the middle, where we can roll!"

"There are cars in the way."

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Continuing our serial . . .

LANDFALL

By

NEVIL SHUTE

It was silly to be crying, Mona told herself, just because Jerry was in trouble and was going away.

MONA looked up at him, bitterly disappointed. "When are you going?"

"Very soon — as soon as the Court of Inquiry is over. It'll close to-morrow. I expect I'll be going the day after that."

"Where to?"

"I'm going to the Bomber Command, somewhere away from here."

"You won't be going to Portsmouth any more?"

He shook his head. "Not for some time. It's better to get away and make a new start somewhere else."

She said: "I suppose it is."

He turned to her. "It's been fun going out together," he said quietly, "and dancing. But for that I should be glad to get away."

She said: "I've loved going out with you." Tears welled into her eyes, but it would be absurd to cry.

He said awkwardly: "You know I told you I was making a balloon?"

She nodded.

"Would you like to have it?"

"I'd like it ever so, Jerry."

Desperately he sheered away from sentiment. "I mean, it's rather an awkward thing to take in the car because it's so delicate, you see. And I thought you might like to have it."

She said: "It's terribly nice of you to think."

He said: "I'll bring it to your house to-morrow."

She nodded. "I'll be home to-morrow afternoon."

For a time they sat disconsolate over the litter of their meal, not talking very much, depressed by rather mournful dance tunes from the radio-gramophone, all about thwarted love. Presently he paid the bill and took her home.

In the black street outside the furniture shop the car stopped for a few minutes; then she got out and went indoors, and went up quickly to her room. It was silly to be crying, she told herself. He was a nice boy, but she hadn't known him long. Not nearly long enough to cry about him just because he was in trouble, and because he was going away.

Chambers drove back to the aerodrome, tired and resentful. He had passed the stage of being appalled at the loss of Caranx. He was still positive that the submarine carried no markings, but, marked or not, she had been out of position.

In an impersonal way he was sorry for the people in her, but he was beginning to be sorrier for himself. He felt that he had not been careless; that he had done his job as well as anybody could. He felt that the navy were making a scapegoat of him for their own ends. A great deal of criticism had been given to his own efficiency, but very little had been said of the undoubted fact that Caranx was in the wrong place.

He felt that he was being used unjustly as a pawn in a political intrigue, that he was being disgraced and made to change his squadron without proper cause.

In normal times the change would not have worried him at all, but leaving Mona hurt badly. Desperately seeking to comfort himself he reflected that in time he might feel that he was well out of it. She wasn't his sort, really. He was getting dangerously fond of her. He felt at home with her; that he could talk to her freely and she would understand.

Be hanged to everything! If he had to go, let it be quick. If the navy had to blacken his career, let them get it over and done with, and then let him get away.

He drove into the yard, parked the car and walked in the glow of the rabbit lamp to the back door of the mess. Up in his room he turned on his wireless to America, and got a peculiar religious service, in which the Glory of God and the merits of Bergson's Baking Powder were given equal prominence. It brought him comfort by diverting his mind to a trail of wonder, and in time he slept.

Next day the Court of Inquiry sat in private, hearing no more witnesses. At the end of a couple of hours their findings were committed to typescript and sent by special messenger to the Admiralty, who in due course approved them. The findings were:

That H.M.S. Caranx was sunk with all hands at 1541 on December 3rd by the action of an Anson aircraft under the command of Flying-Officer R. Chambers, R.A.F.

That the captain of the submarine was to blame for having departed from his time schedule without notification.

That sufficient care had not been exercised by Flying-Officer Chambers in identifying the submarine before attack.

That no useful purpose would be served by attempting salvage operations before the conclusion of hostilities.

Captain Burnaby came out of the court - room and walked with Rutherford across the grassy quadrangle of the submarine depot to the commander's office. Rutherford said heavily: "Well, that's the end of that." He must get those letters of sympathy written now, and then it would be over.

Burnaby said: "There's one more thing. The Admiral wants us to draft the terms of the announcement for the Press Department."

The commander made a gesture of distaste. "All right, let's get that over now."

They went into his bare little office. He took a signal pad and a pencil from the desk. "How shall we put it?"

Captain Burnaby drew his brows together in a frown. "An accidental explosion, I should think."

"I suppose that's the thing to say." The commander turned the pad over and wrote rapidly upon the back of it. "Something like this?"

The Admiralty regrets to announce that H.M.S. Caranx, a submarine of the 1933 class, has been lost with all hands due to an accidental explosion while at sea.

Burnaby took the pad from him and read it over for himself. "That'll do," he said. "It's true enough. The Press Department can re-word it if they don't like that."

He folded the sheet and put it in his pocket. Then he turned aside. "The thing to do now," he said grimly, "is to make quite sure that this can never happen again."

They discussed the methods of issuing time schedules for a few minutes. At the end, the captain said: "What's this?"

The object was a large glass jar with a ground glass stopper, of the sort that small confectioners use to keep sweets in. It stood upon the desk. It was half-full of a mixture of fuel oil and water, with a few bits of cloth submerged and floating in the liquid.

Rutherford said: "You know we were talking about surface tension the other night?"

"I remember. Whether cloth would take up oil or water from a mixture. Is this an experiment?"

Rutherford took up the jar. "I thought it would be interesting to see."

"Which do they take up?"

"Water." The commander took off the stopper, put his hand in and pulled out a piece of cloth. He squeezed it, and a little stream of water ran out.

Captain Burnaby stared at it for a moment. Then he said: "What does that mean?"

"I don't know, sir. There are several points about this thing that I don't understand."

The captain turned away. "In any case, it's all over now."

The commander thought: all except those letters.

Market Stanton is a village on the Yorkshire Wolds, ten miles from the North Sea. In 1934 the population was about four hundred people, and there was some talk of an aerodrome to be constructed on the undulating farm-land of the district. The population has increased of recent years, and now stands at about two thousand five hundred, mostly airmen.

It lies seven miles from Beverley, the nearest town of any consequence. Chambers got there in his little car in the fading light of a midwinter afternoon and thought that he had never seen a place so desolate.

Caranx to him now was only a dulled, shameful memory. His leave had extended over Christmas; he had been at his home in Clifton for over three weeks. It had not been a happy leave. He had not dared to tell his family about Caranx and he had had to submit to a certain amount of mild hero-worship in consequence.

His mother had been particularly trying. She had taken him shopping with her in the mornings, trailing along behind her, tall and blushing, in order that she might show him off to her friends.

She was very proud of him. "You remember Roderick?" she would say. "He goes out flying every day to protect the convoys, looking for submarines, you know."

Usually the friend would say: "I hope he sinks them for us," or words to that effect.

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THE STORY SO FAR

FLYING-OFFICER JERRY CHAMBERS, of the Coastal Command, returns to his base in triumph after sinking a submarine; but learns, to his consternation, that it was apparently the British submarine Caranx. She is missing, while

LIEUTENANT MITCHESON, in a trawler, recovered British clothing and cigarettes from the spot where Jerry's submarine sank. Jerry is summoned with

AIR-COMMODORE HUGHES, his commanding officer, and

WING-COMMANDER DICKENS before a naval Court of Inquiry at which

CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the Navy, and

COMMANDER RUTHERFORD, of the submarine depot, Fort Blockhouse, are present. He tries to convince the naval men that he identified the submarine correctly, but leaves them sceptical. That night he meets

MONA STEVENS, pretty waitress at the Royal Clarence Hotel, to whom he has confided the whole story. He tells her that he has applied for a transfer.

Now read on:—

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Reverse Action

Farce-comedy of a lovely girl who scorned the limelight and a publicity agent who worked on entirely new and original lines.

By DOUG WELCH

THE joint where this gorgeous creature works is right around the corner from the exchange. From clear across the street, with an eye like an eagle, he spots her the first day he is in town.

"Look, Sammy," he says, grabbing my arm. "In the candy shop! Who's the Dream Walking?"

"As far as you're concerned, chum," I say, "she is little Miss Can't Have. With her, it's strictly keeps. Every guy on Film Row has been in there making a high pitch for a heavy date, and it gets them nothing. Absolutely."

"For a situation like that I've got a little routine," he says. "Follow me and I'll give you a rough idea."

He bounces a couple of marshmallows to get her attention, then he whistles.

"Wait a minute, dear," he says. "Give me that profile again! Why, you're marvellous! You ought to be in pictures!"

"I know," she says. "I'm the type. I'm just right for technicolor. You'll arrange a screen test. I've heard it all before."

"But I'm not kidding."

"You like my voice and the way I walk," she says, "but how is my figure? Would I have, for instance, any pictures of myself in a bathing suit—you hope?"

"You've got me wrong," he says.

"I'm sorry," she says. "The face is not familiar, but the line is."

"I'm serious," he says. "Look, I'm Eddie Burdick, the new flack around the corner at Sensational, and I——"

"Flack?"

"To you, sweet, a press agent; one of the big men in the adjectives department."

"That's what I was afraid of," she says, and ducks into the back of the shop.

"A fine routine," I say. "A great act, only it needs a little more rehearsing."

"She's not only lovely," he says, "but she's intelligent, too. What a coincidence!"

"The only way you could get a quicker brush-off," I say, "would be to slip some Pullman porter a nice tip."

"Sammy," he says, "I'm on the level. That mouse is really terrific. She does something to me. I can see right now where I'm going to like candy to pieces."

As if I haven't got trouble enough. This is the guy they send out from New York to help me convince people we're still operating theatres in this territory, and already he's got nothing on his mind but this girl.

I'm exchange manager out here for Sensational Films, and Sensational suddenly begins to ship us a flock of turkeys. I mean these pictures are so bad you seem to sense it even before you take them out of the containers. Box-office grosses are shedding ciphers like a bubble dancer does balloons.

To give you a faint idea, the Central Theatre is playing Helen Laughton in "Wages of Sin," and the doorman over there is knitting a sweater. The State has Walter Rue in "Lonesome Man," and he isn't kidding. That's exactly what he is—lonesome. The Palace is showing Slim Lynch in "They Can't Do This to Me," and the management is toying with the idea of throwing out pictures altogether and putting in mushroom beds.

So I call New York for a budget and a flack; we should have a little old-fashioned exploitation.

"Look, Sammy," New York says, "what a coincidence! I've got just the man for you! Eddie Burdick! A mind like a steel trap, Sammy, and what a character! I'd keep him myself, but Klein just threw him out. A personal friend of mine, so do me a favor. Klein will cool off in a couple of months, and all you got to remember is don't let Eddie put twists on anything.

"He's queer for twists, and even a couple of dogs shouldn't have such a sense of humor."

I'm fixing my face to say no in nineteen languages, including Navaho smoke signals, when New York hangs up. A fine thing! Half the exhibitors in my territory are hustling one another for the price of a cup of coffee, so New York has to send me the No. 1 jinx of the business.

In due course Eddie walks into the joint.

"Don't get up," he says. "Just sit there and let me look at you. I'll always want to remember you as you are to-day." Then he studies the push buttons on my desk.

"You ought to have one more," he says.

"What for?"

"For you."

"You mean," I say, "that I should push a button I should come running myself?"

"Certainly," he says. "What a gag for a picture!"

I ask him what happened with Klein. It seems the Old Man was in New York for the advance screening of a little thing he personally produces called "Hearts in Step."

"Well, boys, what do you think of it?" Klein asks.

"B. F.," they tell him, "it's positively terrific."

"And what do you think of it?" says Klein, turning to Eddie. Eddie can't resist the opening. He's got to throw in a twist.

"To me, Mr. Klein," he says, "it's merely great."

So a couple of months later comes an Eastern regional sales meeting. Klein speaks at the banquet. Then he goes upstairs to bed with a bowl of milk and crackers. He can't eat anything, under doctor's orders; he's got ulcers. Eddie thinks of a great gag. At two o'clock in the morning he's knocking on Klein's door.

"Oh, Mr. Klein," he says. "Oh, Mr. Klein!"

The Old Man thinks the hotel is burning down, what else? He throws open the door and Eddie hands him a pack of cards.

"Take any card, Mr. Klein," he says. Klein slams the door. Comes an hour or so later when Klein should be asleep again. Eddie telephones.

"It was the ace of hearts," says Eddie. "Right?" So he's working for me.

The first month Eddie has more ideas than a New Deal professor, but I won't have any part of them. I keep him strictly on lobbies, and at dressing up lobbies he's positively a genius. It is actually a pleasure to come downtown at night and stand around outside the theatres looking at his lobbies.

In fact, a few people even start going inside again. So he finally talks me into a gag.

We got a terrible film called "Death Train"; it should be opening at the poorhouse instead of the Alhambra. We screen it in advance for a couple of exhibitors, and I practically need a shot of adrenalin.

"Sammy," he says, "don't worry. I have an idea."

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"How lovely!" said Cinderella. "But what did they cost?"

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

STYLES FOR 1942—
young and simple

● White crepe scattered in blue spots and brilliant sprays of flowers is used for a simple little frock with suavely-draped bodice and slim, high waistline. A royal-blue gros-grain belt matches up with the band on the white felt hat. (Left.)

● Cool emerald-green silk sprinkled with a drift of white and candy-pink daisies is perfect for a youthful shirtwaist frock pepped up with a tailored yoke, patch pockets, and gathered skirt. (Right.)

● A trim, button-down-the-front style achieves fashion distinction when made in a vivid red silk printed with whopping purple swirls and sobered with a little-girl collar of white pique to match white accessories. (Above.)

+ + +

● The shirtwaist style goes formal with a high; roll collar, shaped yoke, and long, full sleeves. Interpreted in mustard silk crepe, printed with sprays of white leaves, and worn with a cinnamon felt hat. (Left.)

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ACCESSORIES... *make the style*

• South Seas charm is captured with this flower lei and glamorous hair-sprays of white carnations worn with a simple, decolletage frock of heavy black silk crepe.

• Youthful beige suit with a cunning little hat to match is offset with a bone link bracelet and huge kid bag in cherry-red. (Above.)

• Change a tailored velveteen pinafore into a dressy afternoon frock by adding a sweet little lace blouse. Pearl earrings and a three-strand necklace and bracelet add further chic.

• Evening gown of pastel-blue lace over a chiffon background, featuring an appliqued flower lei around the neck. The fragile charm of the frock is counteracted by the addition of exotic gold jewellery.

Watch your Complexion!

Naturally lovely skins have the very protection they need against sun, surf, and wind in Corinne Rose Cream, the natural beauty emulsion that is such a glamorous aid to loveliness. Corinne Rose Cream is marvellous, too, as a make-up base. Bottles 2/6 and 1/-, handbag tubes 1/6, at your chemist or beauty store.

CORINNE LIQUID SHEER HOSE gives your legs that sheer silk finish. Complete with seam pencil, 1/6.

Corinne ROSE CREAM

THE ONE POWDER BASE THAT BEAUTIFIES

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Rational Economy

● Splurge half your dress allowance on a good basic suit and ring in interesting changes with gay but inexpensive accessories.

Sketched by PETROV

(1) Leave off the jacket and top the skirt with brilliant weskit-blouse boldly striped in red, fawn, and black.

(2) Make a dashing scarf in the same material as your blouse, and have a handy zippered pocket set in one end.

(3) Crochet this dashing snood-like turban and summery gloves to match in string-colored cotton thread.

(4)) Top your skirt with a spotted blouse and girdle the waist with a leather belt that has a bag suspended from it.

(5) A plain summer felt hat worn back of the head and anchored with a spotted brown scarf tying under the chin.

(6) Tailored walking shoes that are sensible and smart. They are made in nigger-brown suede and feature sturdy leather heels.

A BASIC SUMMER SUIT that gives plenty of scope for some ingenious play with accessories is a good investment in these days of slim purses. This effective model is made in heavy knoppe linen in a pale oatmeal shade, and features a box-pleated skirt and a slimly - tailored, short - sleeved jacket with huge patch pockets and large brown wooden buttons marching down the front.

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At all Chemists and Stores

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Handiest thing in the house

The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

YOUTHFULNESS REGAINED

Do you feel you are growing old before your time? The symptoms are mental and physical fatigue, lack of "pep," an inclination to "let things slide." Then take WINCARNIS, the quick action tonic. Blended of choice wines containing nourishing extracts and essential vitamins, WINCARNIS benefits the brain, heart and nerves from the very first glass. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its restorative qualities. Get a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day from your chemist and start regaining your youthful vitality.

New Beginning

Continued from page 5

"COME now, love. It's Katie here. Tell Katie what it is."

"Go away!" Lisbeth ordered in a tearful voice. "I want to be left alone. I came to bed to be left alone. Go away, Katie."

"Now, now, you mustn't speak to Katie like that. You can't cry so soon before your wedding without telling Katie what's the matter."

Lisbeth flung herself over, showing her hot, tear-stained, angry face.

"I'll cry when I like, Katie. Anybody would think I was still a child the way you must come in here with a candle to see if I'm asleep. You can't make me still think I'm a child when I'm being married the day after to-morrow. Anyway, Joe doesn't think I'm a child."

"Joe? Who's Joe?" demanded Katie suspiciously.

Lisbeth ruefully bit her lip.

"He's nobody," she said hurriedly. "At least, he's just somebody I met. It's not important. It doesn't matter who he is." Her voice became hysterical. "For goodness' sake, Katie, don't interfere!"

Katie stood up, tight-lipped, tremendous. She raised her hand and slapped Lisbeth severely.

"You may be grown-up, Miss Lisbeth. You may be going to be married on Wednesday, but you'll not speak to Katie like that. Now go to sleep and no more nonsense." She picked up the candle and marched to the door. "And in the morning," she said, "you'll tell me who this Joe person is."

Back in the nursery Katie blew out the candle and stood a moment in worried thought. But her reflections were broken by the undermaid, Josephine, coming in to say that the master wanted her in his study.

Sir Henry was standing with his back to the fire.

"Ah, Katie, I wanted to see you," he said, "since Lisbeth is being married on Wednesday. You've looked after her almost from birth, haven't you?"

"Since she was two days old, sir."

"Ah, yes, I knew it was a long time. Well, I wanted to say, Katie, that Lady Grant and I have appreciated your services very much. Lisbeth is leaving us on Wednesday but we'll want you to stay on, of course, until the other children are grown up. Until Annette marries, if possible."

He paused, tapping his fingers together. Katie, wondering what was coming, said vaguely: "Yes, sir. I'll be pleased to."

"What I really wanted to say, Katie, is that I intend giving you an annuity when you retire. You've been a faithful servant and I'm pleased to do this for you. Nobody works unrewarded for me. I thought you might like to know in case you have any worries about the future."

How strange it was, Katie thought, that anyone should be so concerned about her future. How good the world was.

"It's very good of you, sir." She couldn't show the relief and gratitude welling up inside her, not anyway to this cold, hard, just man of whom the children and servants were afraid in spite of his scrupulous fairness.

"I'm very grateful. I'll be pleased to stay until the twins and Miss Annette are grown up. I'm glad you approve of me, sir."

"That's all right, Katie. We'll get this wedding of Lisbeth's over and then things will go on as usual again. You're looking forward to the wedding, I suppose, Katie?"

His face was kinder to-night, Katie thought. Perhaps for once she could talk to him.

"I don't think Miss Lisbeth is very happy about the wedding, sir," she said boldly.

Sir Henry's eyes glinted. His face lost its unfamiliar benevolence.

"Why not? She chose Mr. Leeds, didn't she? I approved of him."

Yes, that was it, Katie thought to herself. Lisbeth was too young and had been flattered because Ellis Leeds was in love with her. And your approval, you cold hard man, had set the seal on it.

All the children have been afraid to go against you. They've spent their lives trying to please you. But Lisbeth shall not marry Ellis Leeds if she's unhappy about it. I'll see to that, even if the wedding is only two days away.

"Why isn't she happy about it?" Sir Henry demanded curtly.

Katie looked at him from her pale, mild eyes. Nothing was to be gained by antagonising him.

"Maybe it was my fancy, sir. Miss Lisbeth was upset to-night. Most girls get upset before their wedding."

"Not modern girls, Katie. They take it in their stride. Don't you worry about Lisbeth, Katie. You stick to the younger children, now. They're your job."

. . . . . .

If it hadn't been for Simon's cold Katie would not have seen Lisbeth all the next day. She didn't come near the nursery and every time Katie went to her room she was out. She was avoiding her, Katie thought heavily.

IN the afternoon Ellis Leeds called. Katie saw him as he was going, his tall, immaculately-dressed figure, his handsome, too-assured face, and that uneasiness she had felt ever since Lisbeth's engagement assailed her again. Lisbeth was too young and gay and unsophisticated for a man like that.

She was not even in love with him, Katie knew now. She was in love with some vague, indeterminate person called Joe.

But it was Simon's feverish cold which kept him in bed that caused Katie to find out what was happening.

As she was coming from Simon's bedroom at nine o'clock instead of ten, as usual, she met Lisbeth in the passage making for the back stairs. She had a cloak over an evening dress and a scarf tied round her head. Her face was bright and alive, but when she saw Katie's figure, heavy, immovable, barring the way, her expression changed to defiance.

"Katie, let me pass."

"Not until you tell me where you're going," Katie said grimly.

"I'm only going down to the village. I've got to go. It's terribly important."

"In an evening dress? Alone? I'd like your father to catch you, Miss Lisbeth. Now you tell me what you're up to."

Lisbeth gave a despairing look at Katie's tightened mouth, her square, solid, immovable figure.

"Katie, please, let me go! Listen, Joe's waiting for me. It's absolutely the last evening we've got. I've just got to see him to-night. But I promise not to stay out long."

Katie's tenseness slackened. She had a sick feeling in her heart. Little Lisbeth—and to-morrow was her wedding day.

"All right," she said gruffly. "You can go if you promise to bring this Joe person back and let me have a look at him."

LISBETH'S eyes widened. Suddenly all the gaiety was back in her face.

"But, Katie, how? I daren't bring him in. Suppose father saw."

"I'll be in the downstairs nursery. You can bring him to the window. I'll let you in. Now be off with you and don't stay out late."

But it was after midnight before Lisbeth returned.

It had begun to rain, and Katie sat in the firelight, placid and enormous, listening to the dim sound of the rain against the window, and ruminating on the future. The house had become so quiet she could hear the ticking of the grandfather clock in the hall. It was a comforting sound. All the things in this house were comforting. It was home.

When Lisbeth tapped at the window a few minutes later she pulled back the curtain and looked out. Lisbeth and the boy were standing in the shaft of light from the french window. They were close together like a pair of children. Lisbeth's hair was covered with her scarf, but the boy's was draggled and wet. His face was wet, too, and he had his coat collar turned up about his neck. He was broad shouldered and had a very young, eager, vigorous look.

Katie, looking at him, felt as if a weight had slipped off her. She opened the window and the two stepped into the room. Lisbeth said eagerly:

"Katie, this is Joe. Mr. Joe Fairlie."

"Hallo, Katie," said the young man in a pleasant, friendly voice. "Thank you for understanding. I wanted to take Lisbeth out for our last night together."

"You're a pair of scamps, the two of you," said Katie gruffly. "Miss Lisbeth, I'll give you five minutes to be upstairs. Good-night, Mr. Fairlie. I'm glad to have met you."

She left them together and plodded slowly upstairs. Her feet were tired, she felt tired all over, yet curiously exhilarated. There was going to be a fight. Katie was afraid of nobody.

Lisbeth caught up with her before she had reached the top of the stairs. Her face had lost its eagerness and was quite white.

"He's gone, Katie," she said in a flat, empty voice. "He's just gone now."

Katie took the girl's hand and led her into her own bedroom.

"Now, Miss Lisbeth, you're to tell me straight. Do you love this Joe person or not?"

"Yes," said Lisbeth, even her lips white with that unfamiliar self-control. "It's really funny, you know, Katie. I only met him a week ago at the McDonalds' party. We danced together and he just said the music was good and I danced well, and there it was. We fell in love as simply as that. I know I'm being married to-morrow and I really am fond of Ellis. But it's not like what I feel for Joe, Katie. I'd rather be dead than not go on loving Joe."

Katie's broad, placid face gave no indication that she was thinking hard. Something would have to be done.

Please turn to page 14

IT'S NEW! IT'S HEALTHY! IT'S GUARDIAN with TRIPLE ACTION LATHER

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2 GETS RID OF GERMS AS WELL AS DIRT...

3 "PERKS UP" YOUR WHOLE BODY

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Protection yes, but Guardian brings you a grand new pleasure in bathing as well! Its clean-smelling, creamy-soft lather gives you a glorious new sense of cleanliness, a new, never-before "lift" to body and spirits. Ask your dealer for Guardian—it's a big, long-lasting cake.

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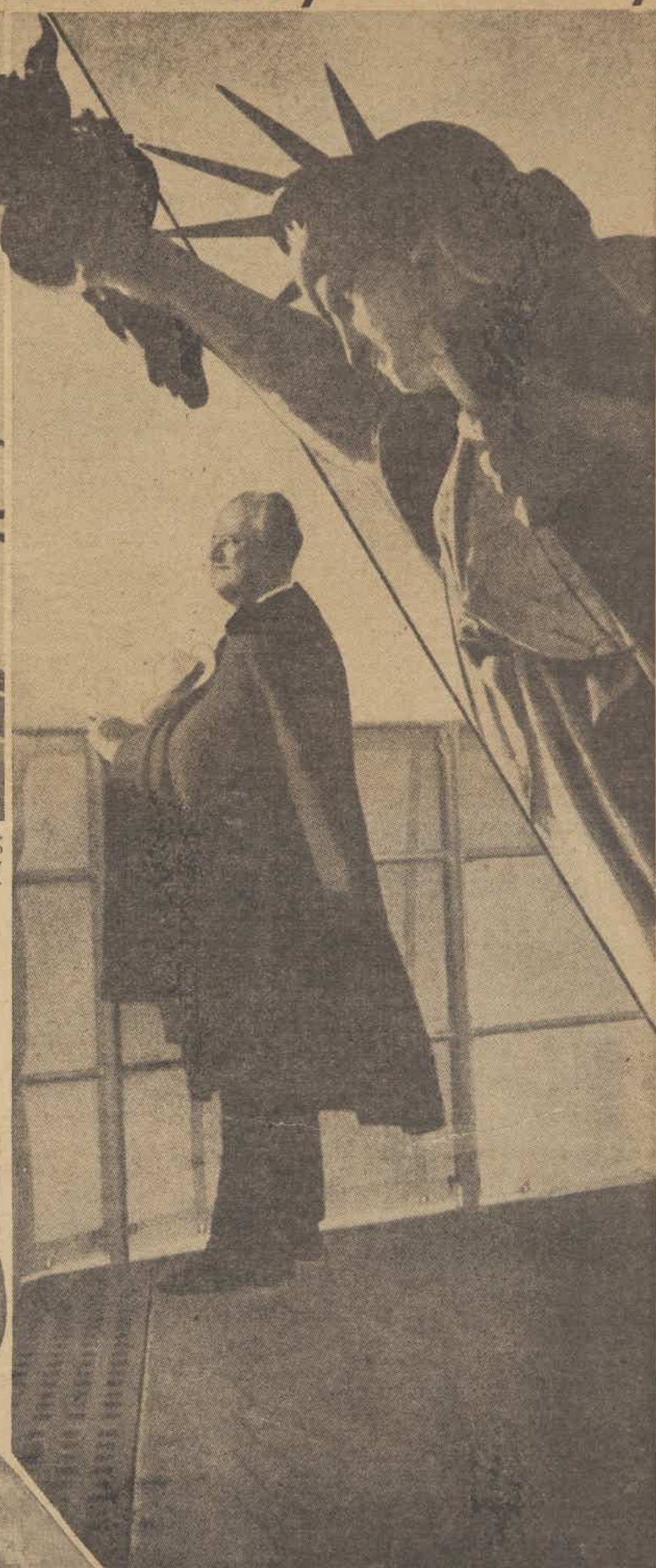
They met to plan a victory for liberty

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL, Britain's grand old bulldog, makes the victory sign with confidence. His flight to America to see President Roosevelt and formulate plans for a victory for liberty has been an inspiration to the forces of democracy.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, worthy successor to the men who founded the American tradition of liberty. To preserve world liberty is the prime object of the Churchill-Roosevelt meetings in the U.S.A.

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

OVER THE GARDEN FENCE

Don't be a "Cinderella" underneath!

I WAS having tea with the manageress of a dress shop the other day. "You'd never guess, Mrs. Holiday," she remarked, "that some of the most elegant women often wear the shabbiest undies!"

Don't you think you can tell a woman's whole character by the way she dresses? I mean, some spend all their money on the top, not worrying about things that are out of sight. Others consider they are not well dressed unless their undies are as pretty and well-cared for as their frocks or hats.

Of course my friend didn't mean that undies had to be expensive—*but well-looked after!* Rayon underwear, for instance, can be exquisite indeed—but to KEEP it lovely calls for a great deal of care in laundering.

HOW RAYON IS DIFFERENT

You'll notice that rayon does not become ingrained with dirt as other materials do; the soiling just stays on the surface. "That should make washing easy," you'll say. So it does—but remember:

When you put a rayon garment in water, the threads lose some of their strength and so need very gentle handling while wet.

But Persil will treat those dainty rayons with the gentleness they need. What's more, Persil washes perfectly in lukewarm water. And that is a "must" when dealing with rayon! **NEVER BOIL A RAYON GARMENT UNLESS YOU KNOW IT IS A SPECIAL "BOILABLE" TYPE.**

But even the most careful treatment in the wash will be of no avail if you twist or wring your rayon, as the fibres are easily damaged. So squeeze gently or roll in a towel (this applies especially to satin rayon because little wrinkles form—and even ironing won't take them out entirely).

THE "DO'S" AND "DON'TS" OF IRONING

Always iron rayon on the wrong side (satin rayon can be finished off on the *right* side if a very shiny effect is desired). And don't have too hot an iron or the fabric may become glazed and when that happens you can't do anything about it!

Never sprinkle rayon with water or the spots will show. Most rayons should be ironed while only slightly damp. (Crepe suedes are the exception here—they should be practically dry, otherwise they may get an oily, patchy look.)

One last tip. When ironing sheers (that is, rayon georgettes), be sure they don't get too dry as this material needs to be gently stretched while you're ironing. And you can't do that if the fabric is bone dry.

A SACHET FOR YOUR UNDIE DRAWER

Make your own potpourri by mixing together red rose buds and lavender flowers and adding a little sweet spice. Dried brown Boronia sprays sewn up into little sachets give a delightful fragrance.

HOW BIG IS A COPPER?

The average laundry copper holds 12 gallons (filled to the brim) and 9 gallons at the usual washing level. How does yours measure up?

Perhaps you've been guessing up to now, but it's well worth while making a check just once because Persil gives the best results ever when used according to the directions—1 heaped tablespoon to every gallon.

So next washday why not measure out the water you put in the copper with a bucket? (The average bucket holds 2 gallons).

Maggie thought her washing was white

. . . till she saw Jean's

PERSIL-WASHED TOWEL

If it's real whiteness you're after, there's only one safe and certain way to get it—with Persil. Persil's oxygen-charged suds dance briskly through every stitch of your wash—easing out the stains, the grease and ingrained dirt. Persil washes WHITER because it washes cleaner.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. P.144.13WW.

Edited by Mrs. Mary Holiday

(the famous English washing authority)

AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS. As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 775 H, Melbourne, if you have any problem connected with washing.

Beauty at your Fingertips

A professional manicure isn't really hard to do at home, provided you can give it a little time.

1. Shape the nails by stroking lightly with file. Avoid filing close to the sides or you may develop super-sensitive corners.
2. Soak the nails for about five minutes in a bowl of warm soapy water. Scrub gently with a soft nail brush. Use an emery board, if necessary, to remove any rough edges.
3. Apply cuticle remover with an orange stick tipped with cotton wool. Push it back very carefully. (You may like to use a cuticle cream as well.) Never, never cut the cuticle! There are practically no steel instruments involved in the modern manicure.
4. If you wear your nails natural, whiten under the tips with a white nail pencil and buff them until they gleam.

IF YOU USE VARNISH

5. A transparent base applied before polish gives your nails more protection, and a higher lustre.
6. When lacquering your nails don't have too much on the brush. Outline the half moon with one stroke across the nail. Finish with three long strokes from half moon to tip. (Have handy a piece of cotton wool soaked in an oily remover in case of a slip.)

TO KEEP YOUR NAILS HEALTHY AS WELL AS BEAUTIFUL . . .

LET THEM HAVE A HOLIDAY from lacquer for one day every week and buff them instead. Or give them a breather by taking off the old polish at bedtime and renewing it next morning.

IF A NAIL IS ALREADY DAMAGED, you can mend it by cutting a piece of sticking plaster the exact shape of the nail. When you use nail polish, varnish it with two or three coats.

KEEP THEM OUT OF HOT WATER as much as possible. Avoid rubbing clothes on washday (that's one of the chief causes of painful nails). By using a modern washing powder, such as Persil, you'll find you rarely need to rub and your hands will be in hot water for the shortest possible time.

Exclusive Mary Holiday PATTERN SERVICE

2/6 Patterns for 6d.

Pattern "W.23" in small, medium, or large sizes. Medium size, apron 1, requires 2¼ yards 36 inch material. Apron 2 requires 1½ yards.

"LITTLE HOMEMAKER"

Pattern "W23"

Even a beginner can follow these easy-to-make Mary Holiday patterns, which include an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain these beautiful overseas patterns, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for packing and postage, etc.) to "PATTERNS," P.O. Box 4057H, Melbourne. (Pattern can only be obtained by post, and from this address.) Don't forget to give your name, address and State. Ask for Pattern "W.23" (and state clearly what size you require).

SUPPLIES OF THIS PATTERN CANNOT BE GUARANTEED UNLESS ORDERED BEFORE 3rd APRIL, 1942.

New Beginning

Continued from page 12

"JOE'S an engineer," Lisbeth was saying. "He's got a job in America. He's going to-morrow. That's why I was saying good-bye to him to-night. Perhaps it's just as well he's going to be so far away." She paused and looked at Katie with her strained, unhappy eyes.

In reply Katie gave her slow, rich chuckle.

"Can't you trust your Katie to find a way out?" she said cryptically. "Now you're going to bed, love, and you're to sleep until eight o'clock in the morning."

Lisbeth was trembling all over. Tears were running down her cheeks and she was laughing shakily.

"Katie, what are you going to do? Oh, it's no use asking you anything! One might as well ask an oyster!" She flung her arms round Katie's neck. "But I do trust you!"

It was one o'clock before Lisbeth was asleep and Katie ready to go. She buttoned her coat round her throat, put up her outsize umbrella, and set off.

Joe Fairlie was staying at the Bull and Bush, Lisbeth had told her. When she reached it, Katie had no compunction at all in sending the bell pealing through the sleeping inn.

It was some time before a bad-tempered doorkeeper opened the door, and longer still before Joe Fairlie, half-dressed, bewildered but good-natured, came downstairs. He stared at Katie with her wet coat and dripping umbrella.

"Katie! Whatever brings you here?"

Katie, as always, wasted no unnecessary words.

"Have you asked Miss Lisbeth to run away with you?" she demanded.

Joe's face went scarlet.

"My heavens, Katie, what do you think I am! Of course I asked her. You can't blame me for that. But it was no use. She wouldn't do it. She said she couldn't let everybody down—her father, this fellow she's marrying, you. She thinks the devil of a lot of you, Katie."

A warm feeling slid round Katie's heart. She felt young, light-hearted, almost as happy as this attractive Joe person would be in a moment. But her face was as tight-lipped and remote as ever.

"Have you got a car?" was her next question.

Joe nodded, in deepening surprise. "I'm motoring to Southampton to-morrow and catching the boat to America."

"Can you get double tickets?"

A pair of strong young hands gripped Katie's shoulders. Joe's face was close to hers.

"Katie, you don't mean you're doing this! Heavens, Katie, you're an angel! Can I get double tickets? Katie, if I can't I'll set fire to the blinking boat!"

"All right," said Katie placidly. "Be at the back entrance to Steeple Hill with your car at ten in the morning. I'll manage the rest."

. . . . . .

Katie laid her plans shrewdly. By eight the following morning she had the children bathed, dressed, and breakfasted, and Lisbeth's bags packed, not with the things necessary for a super-sophisticated honeymoon with Ellis Leeds, but with the kind of serviceable clothing required by the wife of an engineer on a moderate salary.

Then she interviewed Lisbeth's mother. Lisbeth was excited and nervous, she said. It would be better if she saw no one at all until she was dressed. Could Katie, as her old nurse, have the privilege of dressing her for her wedding?

As she had anticipated, there was no trouble at all. Lady Grant was a woman of small equilibrium at any time and the wedding of her elder daughter was likely to prove too much for her. She gratefully handed over all responsibility of the bride to Katie. So Katie locked the door of Lisbeth's room and issued her instructions in her precise, unhurried voice.

"You're to have your breakfast, now, Miss Lisbeth, and a good one, too, because you've a long way to go. Then you're to rest for half an hour before your bath."

Lisbeth, sitting up in bed, her hair tousled, her eyes agog with excitement, demanded:

"Katie, why have I a long way to go? Katie, why have you got out my fur coat? Where's my wedding dress?"

Katie smiled faintly.

"Eat up your egg, Miss Lisbeth. You can't expect Joe to take away a half-starved bride."

"Joe!" whispered Lisbeth.

"Yes, he'll be waiting for you at ten o'clock. Now which suit do you think you should wear, your grey or your rust?"

It was impossible to do anything coherently after that. Lisbeth was like a whirlwind.

But when the time came to go, Lisbeth lost her gaiety, and, looking suddenly very mature and solemn, kissed Katie and whispered: "I'll never forget you for this, Katie. You can always think that it's been something worth living your life for."

Then she picked up her bags and tiptoed out. Five minutes later Katie, looking out of the window, saw her slipping warily through the shrubbery.

. . . . . .

Half an hour later, Katie stumped down the stairs on her big, unhurried feet and went towards Sir Henry's study.

Katie tapped on the door, waited for his "come in," and entered. She stood before him and said in her unperturbed, precise voice:

"Miss Lisbeth has run away with a person called Joe. There won't be any wedding."

Then, before Sir Henry had time to break out, she turned and left the room, her step as deliberate as ever, her broad placid face showing no sign of the faint, sad triumph of the martyr whose cause is won.

BUT one could not call giving Lisbeth happiness martyrdom. Even though under an hour later Sir Henry, his face pinched with fierce, controlled anger, came to Katie in her private rooms and said curtly:

"Pack your things. I'd like you to be out of the house by to-morrow morning."

Not a word as to his intentions regarding Lisbeth, only this contemptuous dismissal. Katie wouldn't have minded that, she wouldn't even have minded sacrificing the security of her future, if only she could have known that Lisbeth would be happy . . .

Now there were only two other women before it came to Katie's turn to be interviewed. She stirred, rousing herself. The seal of the envelope was broken. She must take out Lisbeth's letter and read it now, before her turn came.

Her fingers trembled a little as she extracted the closely-written sheets, but her face remained immovable.

Dearest Katie.

The most wonderful and the most terrifying thing has happened. Joe and I are going to have a baby. Joe's as pleased as he can be, but I'm scared to death. Katie, will you come at once? Annette and the twins are old enough to look after themselves now, and I need you. It's to be in June, but will you please catch the next boat?

Joe says no one but you is to help me have my baby and I say the same. It's lovely here and we're as happy as we can be, but young Joe is scaring me to death. And we want you to see the New Year in with us. So please, Katie . . .

There was more, but Katie didn't stop to read it. She methodically folded the letter, put it in her bag, got up, smoothed down her skirts over her ample figure, and with a mild, faintly pitying glance at the other women in the room went out into the street. No one could have told by her broad, composed face that she could scarcely contain the happiness within her.

New Year! The thought of it now was filled with infinite sweetness and promise.

(Copyright)

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vanish permanently when treated with "Vanix," the application of which is simple, painless, and harmless.

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a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is not a depilatory—it is a pleasantly perfumed lotion which attacks the hair tissues, devitalising and finally destroying them completely. **"VANIX"** is priced at 5/11 a bottle (6/3½ posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 17 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Bleks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

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A RATION OF FUN

"May I have overtime money this week, sir?"
"Whatever for?"
"I dreamt about my work last night, sir."

"I'm told this house goes back to the Stuarts."
"Well, don't you believe it. It's yours for life when you've paid for it."

DRILL SERGEANT: Right about face.
RECRUIT: Thank goodness, I'm right about something at last.

FILM DIRECTOR: Don't forget that when you discover a bull is chasing you, you dive off this 3000ft. cliff.
STUNT MAN: But there's only 2ft. of water at the bottom.
DIRECTOR: Of course there is. Do you think we want you to drown?

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I'll bet I could stop Hitler's old mechanised army. I'd just take their drivers' licenses away from them."

For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

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Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of 'Elasto.' Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up and leg wounds *heal naturally*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical.* It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of *revitalising the blood.* Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fibric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy, circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Heart is quite sound again now."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

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Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO,' Box 1552/E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

BRAINWAVES

- A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"IT costs me a thousand a year to live."

"Don't pay it, old man—it's not worth it."

CONSTABLE: Did you get the number of the car that knocked you down, Madam?

Victim: No, but the hussy driving it wore a three-piece tweed suit lined with canto crepe, and she had on a periwinkle hat trimmed with cherries.

"HOW'S your husband getting on with his golf?"

"Oh, splendid! He hit a ball in one this morning."

"I'M putting on too much weight, doctor. What can I do?"

"Take regular exercise. Push yourself away from the dining-table three times a day."

"A FINE youngster," said the elderly man to the young mother seated opposite him in the train. "I hope you will bring him up to be an upright and conscientious man."

"Yes," smiled the fond mother, "but I'm afraid it's going to be a bit difficult."

"Oh, nonsense," continued the adviser; "as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

"I know that," agreed the mother; "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that."

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Here's the answer!

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.
MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.
MACLEANS tones up the gums . . . makes them firm, hard and healthy.

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An Editorial

JANUARY 3, 1942

COURAGE FOR A NEW YEAR

THE New Year opens for Australia in a time of danger and stress not equalled in our history.

For every Australian that means just one thing — that the New Year calls for an effort never before equalled in his or her lifetime.

We are a young nation, a small people, and we are menaced by powerful forces. Our salvation lies as much in the strength of each of us as in our combined strength.

This is not a time when they also serve who only stand and wait. There is at least one thing we can all do and that is to present to those around us an example of calm courage and unwavering steadfastness.

This may seem a small service, but it is in truth a very great one.

In times of emergency, when nerves are tense and personal anxieties merge with the national crisis, it is not an easy thing to go unruffled about the day's duties.

Yet every man or woman who can do this is a tower of strength to all around.

One ripple of panic or hysteria becomes a tidal wave if unchecked by an opposing current of strength, confidence and courage.

Most Australians can also find some second means of service. Every day more men enter the forces, every day more women are being called from the pleasanter ways of life to take the men's places.

We can beat back the danger that threatens only if each one of us is prepared to work for the nation instead of for ourselves.

It is easy to accept the other fellow's sacrifice and yet to find it hard to make a decision that will temporarily set aside our own cherished plans.

Yet on the making of such decisions our future rests.

This New Year is indeed a time for resolution rather than resolutions. On our selflessness now hangs the fate of all those things that can make a New Year happy again.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Driver Ray Fowkes (20) on the day he met his 17-year-old brother Phil, just arrived in Palestine from Tobruk, to his mother, Mrs. W. Fowkes, Wattle Glen, Vic.:

"PHIL arrived back here from Tobruk yesterday, and I looked him up.

"I think I met nearly everyone in the battalion before I saw Phil, and there he was walking towards me.

"I can't describe my feelings as I watched him coming, but I'll tell you what he looked like after seven months in the fighting line.

"He had an old battered felt hat on his head and an old torn shirt and long pants. His boots hadn't been polished for months, and were just white where all the tanning had been worn off them.

"But, Mum, what struck me most was the smile he had on his face. It was just one huge grin.

"Gosh, it was good to see him. He was so excited he couldn't speak, and I can tell you I was the same.

"He has got terribly thin, which can only be expected, seeing he has been living on bully and biscuits, but he is getting real good meals in the camp where he is, and will soon put on weight.

"He has had some pretty hot experiences for a kid his age.

"We went to the pictures last night together, and annoyed everyone around by talking while the show was on."

✣ ✣ ✣

Leading-Telegraphist L. S. Meyers, R.A.N.R., in England to his mother, Mrs. M. Meyers, Centennial St., Marrickville, N.S.W.:

"IT'S been raining on and off ever since I moved into 'Kangaroo Kottage,' as we call our tent.

"There's a bunch of us Aussies here, and we have named our tents, Aussie fashion. Mine is 'Kangaroo Kottage.' Others are 'Wattle Shack,' 'Boomerang Bungalow,' 'Wallaby Villa,' and so on.

"We call our part of the camp 'Snake Gully,' and we've nailed up signs all over the place: 'This way to Snake Gully'! and so on.

"Guess we've got all the Pommies in. They come round to stare and wonder, hi!

"They can't understand how we get away with things. They do something, and they get caned for it. We do ditto, and the powers that be think it's goodo!

"When we moved in we all went around scrounging anything at all that would help to make us comfortable—chairs, and so on.

"When he came around, the old man, instead of blowing off, stared in amazement and said: 'These Australians! What initiative they have!' and walked off.

"Night before last we made a bat and rigged up a wicket and had a game of cricket among ourselves.

"To-day we were told we can have fair-dinkum cricket gear and matches will be arranged."

Winnie the War Winner

"We couldn't get turkeys so we made do with carrier pigeons."

Leading-Bombardier V. Monro to his mother, Mrs. I. Monro, Burrindi Rd., Caulfield, Vic.:

"HAD one of the most wonderful experiences of my life when I visited a Jewish settlement for my leave.

"Right from the start it was kindness and hospitality with a vengeance. Nothing was too much for them to do to make us happy.

"I have never seen people so happy and carefree. Each settlement is a self-contained farm worked by a group of 200.

"The people live in little bungalows and eat in one communal dining-room which is a theatre and dance-hall as well.

"In the settlement the six of us went to were Yugoslavs, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Russians, Austrians. They all wear their colorful peasant dress.

"The children are kept together in another building, grouped by their ages. When they are 16 or 18 they return to work with their parents.

"We were very popular with them, and had some wonderful times with the tiny tots.

"On our last day we were given a party by the four-year-olds. All of us sat down on miniature chairs at miniature tables.

"They sang songs to us, while we returned the compliment by singing 'Rock-a-bye Baby' and other nursery rhymes.

"On our first night at the settlement we were introduced to the folk songs and dances of the Balkan people, and didn't we have a great time trying to do Polish polkas and Cossack dances and to sing their attractive folk songs."

Private R. J. Crees in Malaya to his sister, Miss G. A. Crees, Campbell St., Bowen Hills NT, Qld.:

"I MUST describe to you the public address system in Malaya.

"At all the busy street corners, and where all the buses leave, there are installed huge loud-speakers. News and, of course, propaganda are broadcast every evening. Chinese, Malayan, Indian, and English news services last from 6.30 to 8 o'clock.

"One can hear it from almost any point in the town. Hundreds gather at the bus parks to listen. A large percentage of the population can't write their own language.

"I think this will emerge after the war. It doesn't come under post-war reconstruction, but it must come. When the fighting services return to Australia, there will be an immediate outcry for a continental type of Sunday.

"Everywhere our men have been it is in vogue. I favor it, and will miss it a good deal. One looks back and thinks what one can't do in Australia, and compares it with what one can do here.

"Church is better attended here than in any capital city of Australia. Church service starts at times which encourage people to go. Here one can go to church, come out, and go to the pictures. Then take his friends and have a drink, and still not be away from home longer than three hours.

"There are three such sessions during the day. One can do a session of sport in the afternoon, and still enjoy church in the evening."

✣ ✣ ✣

Gunner M. J. Kibby in the Middle East to Mr. and Mrs. Vale in Alpha, Qld.:

"MY gun-sergeant is the tallest man in the A.I.F. He is 6ft. 8in. in height, and weighs 15 stone.

"We were being shelled one day, and Tiny (his nickname) and I had dug a trench —a lovely slit one for the two of us.

"But we found two other occupants in it, so we had to climb into one about 12 inches deep and 5ft. long. I beat him and landed on the bottom.

"Something hit me on the back. It was Tiny, and talk about two fellows manoeuvring each other for position, a game of draughts was not in it.

"I am pleased to say I outmanoeuvred him, and poor Tiny had to stay on top with his legs in the air.

"We both had to laugh, even when the shelling was on.

"Neither was hurt, but a couple of nights later our truck and gun tipped over almost under Froggies' nose.

"Poor Tiny broke three small bones in his back, but is O.K. now. I lost a couple of toenails and a bit of skin, but we got out all right."

✣ ✣ ✣

Gunner E. J. Rouse to Mrs. Amy Forst, Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, S.A.:

"I SAW your name and address on a letter in The Australian Women's Weekly, and decided to select you as my candidate for the 'Cake Derby.' I hope you don't mind.

"You see, we arranged the competition between ourselves as an added interest.

"We select names from the paper and ask them to send a cake as soon as possible.

"First one to receive his cake wins a prize, which makes it interesting."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722525

Australian hand-knits for Gloucester baby

Duchess' 50-coupon layette supplemented by gifts

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER as Commandant of the W.A.A.F. She has been an indefatigable worker since war broke out.

Australian-made, hand-knitted baby clothes will be worn by the Duchess of Gloucester's son, for the Royal babe, like every baby in England, can be provided by his mother with only a fifty-coupon layette.

These baby clothes will be given to the Duchess by Lady McCann, wife of the South Australian Agent-General and President of the London branch of the Anzac Fellowship of Women. The clothes will be chosen from bales at present in London awaiting distribution.

FROM America there's a complete layette coming by bomber, every article made by women of a different chapter of the American Red Cross.

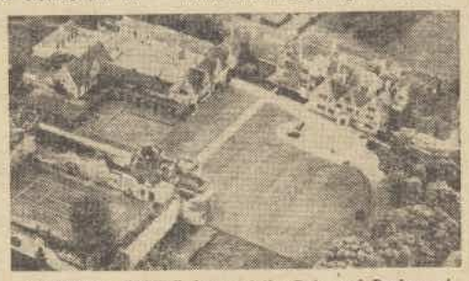
This layette was to have been brought back by Lady Limerick, who visited America on behalf of the Red Cross, but it was not completed by the time she left.

Expecting the baby to arrive at Christmas time, the Americans were arranging to despatch the layette so that its arrival would coincide with the birth of the Royal baby.

The stork, however, anticipated layette, Christmas and everyone's plans, so the new Prince has only the meagre layette fifty clothes coupons allow.

Lady McCann then conferred with the secretary in London of the Anzac Fellowship, Mrs. Cortis Jones, and some of the exquisite baby garments they have on hand will be made into a gift for the Duchess.

THE Duchess of Gloucester, to whom a son has been born, visiting a maternity home established for officers' wives.



BARNWELL CASTLE, home of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (left) with Engineer-Colonel Fordham emerging from one of the tunnels that run through Gibraltar, where the Duke made a tour of inspection this year.

The Duchess' baby is a real wartime child, for, unlike other Royal Princes, it was born without pomp and ceremony in a nursing home where many of England's well-known babies have been born.

Until the day before the birth the Duchess was in her own home, Barnwell Castle, and right up till she left for the nursing home she was well and taking an active interest in the war work of the women of the village.

To them, long before anyone else, the Duchess' secret was known. They came every Thursday, to her home for a sewing party she conducted.

She enlisted their help in cutting out and carefully planning the layette, many pieces of which the Duchess started at the sewing party under the guidance of more experienced mothers.

On Thursday, December 18, the baby was born and the sewing party was just breaking up when the glad news was telephoned.

So sure was the Duchess that the baby would be a son that she had the day and night nurseries decorated in blue and white. Queen Mary lent the Royal cot, which was done up in blue.

The Duchess of Kent sent up some of Prince Edward's baby things.

The Duchess, since cancelling her engagements last August, spent her time sewing and doing a little gardening at Barnwell.

Her sister, Lady Burghley, who lives not far away, has been her most constant companion, and the Duke's car for the last few weeks has become a familiar sight streaking across country roads from where he is stationed.

The Duke's car is easily picked out, for he has a quaint mascot of a gun turret made by the sailors on board the ship which took him out to Australia.

Since the outbreak of war the Duchess has been an indefatigable worker, for she is Commandant in the W.A.A.F., and kept closely in touch with the junior service.

1942 Brings for Your Daytime Enjoyment

Two Full-hour Live Artist Entertainments

"RADIO MATINEE"

A grand musical show featuring the stars of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. Compered by Harry Nott.

Thurs., 3.20 p.m.

(Com. Jan. 8)

"MATINEE REVELS"

A star studded Community Sing-song featuring your favourite songs and artists.

FRI., 3.15 p.m.

(Com. Jan. 2)

You can see as well as hear these two big friendly shows.

Apply For Your Tickets Now

2GB

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

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SURFER'S FOOT

GERMS thrive in hot steaming feet

Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and pulpy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay — treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

In severe cases see your doctor.

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 2/1

REMOVES HAIR IN 3 MINUTES

Better than Razor

No coarse regrowth

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY

MAKE this test: Apply this new dainty fragrant cream. In 3 minutes wash it off. Every trace of ugly hair is gone as if by magic! Skin is left soft, white and satin-smooth. These results *guaranteed* or money refunded without question. This astounding discovery is sold everywhere under trade mark New "VEET." Throw away your razor. It leaves bristly stubble — makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Use New "VEET", the up-to-date, quick easy way to end superfluous hair and avoid coarse regrowth. 2/9 & 4/3 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

PRIVATE VIEWS

● By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer ●

★★★ THAT NIGHT IN RIO

(Week's Best Release)

Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THIS film gives you Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, and Don Ameche in another South American musical extravaganza filmed in brilliant technicolor. It is a gay and tuneful show.

Ameche handles a dual role competently, Alice is eye-appealing, but the tempestuous beturbaned Miranda steals the film.

Fluffy story casts Ameche as an American night-club entertainer in Rio, a double for a local financier, whom he impersonates in a business crisis. Alice is the financier's neglected wife, Miranda the American's jealous sweetheart.—Regent; showing.

★★★ LOVE ON THE DOLE

Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans. (British.)

"LOVE ON THE DOLE" is one of the most powerful dramas to come from a British studio.

The story deals with the sufferings of poor mill workers in Lancashire, and in particular with the Hardcastle family, ordinary, decent people caught in the unemployment net during the depression of 1930.

It is a grim picture, with a serious social purpose, but, at the same time, is a human and poignant tale.

Principal character is Deborah Kerr, brilliant as Sally Hardcastle, mill lass driven by adversity and regard for her family into a life she loathes.

Director John Baxter has handled the tragedy with warm understanding and unfailing integrity. The film grips you right from the start. It is a real artistic achievement.—Embassy; showing.

★★ SUSPICION

Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant. (RKO.)

THAT master of the art of suspense, Alfred Hitchcock, who directed "Rebecca," gives you another emotional masterpiece.

Story is that of a naive English girl (Joan Fontaine), who marries a lovable ne'er-do-well (Cary Grant). It is only after their honeymoon that she becomes aware of her husband's weaknesses, his lying, his embezzling. Deeply in love Joan forgives him all these things, until the dreadful suspicion that he has murdered for monetary gain dawns on her.

The film builds up to its climax surely and powerfully, but the ending is inept and unlikely.

Joan Fontaine equals her portrayal in "Rebecca," ably conveying the nervous tension of the distracted girl. Grant, though in an unsympathetic part, gives a sparkling characterisation. Outstanding in the support are Nigel Bruce, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dame May Whitty, and Heather Angel.—Century; showing.

★★ DIVE BOMBER

Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray. (Warners.)

BOTH informative and entertaining, this timely color film deals with the training and peacetime manoeuvres of aviators attached to the U.S. naval arm.

Film, made on location at San Diego's naval base, includes spectacular flying formations—the best aviation shots ever shown on the screen.

Stressing the important work done by the medical branch of the air force in maintaining the health of pilots, the story centres on a feud between Flight-Surgeon Errol Flynn and Flight-Commander Fred MacMurray, which eventually grows into friendship.

MacMurray's portrayal tops Flynn's, but best in the cast is Ralph Bellamy as a research doctor.—Plaza; showing.

★★ THE BIG STORE

Marx Brothers. (MGM.)

THE Marx brothers are let loose in a large city store, and provide one of their most enjoyable comedies for some time.

Trio give familiar characterisations, with Groucho leader of the fun as the would-be lothario, Chico doing a turn on the piano, and Harpo on the harp.

Slapstick is broad and rollicking, winding up with the usual chase, this time through the shop. Able support is given by crooner Tony Martin, stony-faced Virginia O'Brien, and Henry Armetta.—Victory; showing.

★★ IN THE NAVY

Abbott, Costello. (Universal.)

HERE is more slapstick from that grand comedy team, Abbott and Costello. While not quite up to the standard of their army frolic, "Buck Privates," this film, which puts the boys into nautical garb, has plenty of bright nonsense to keep you amused.

Powell, playing his first musical role in years as a radio crooner who joins the navy, sings three numbers effectively. The Andrew Sisters add their rhythmic swing—and Abbott and Costello are in fine form.—State; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars — below average.

★ LADY BE GOOD

Ann Sothern, Robert Young. (MGM.)

ALTHOUGH extravagantly produced, and loaded with MGM star personalities, this musical is only mediocre fare.

Besides being far too long, the story, which deals with the marital storms of a song-writing team (Ann Sothern and Robert Young), is trite.

Best in the cast is Ann, who looks gorgeous, acts well, and sings.

Eleanor Powell, playing Ann's girl-friend, dances only twice.

Others in the film are Red Skelton, as an eccentric singer, John Carroll as a radio star, Virginia O'Brien, with one dead-pan singing specialty, and Lionel Barrymore as the judge.—St. James; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **The Reluctant Dragon.** Fascinating Disney full-length cartoon.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

★★★ **Blossoms in the Dust.** Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in heart-warming technicolor drama.—Liberty; 2nd week.

★★★ **It Started with Eve.** Deanna Durbin, Laughton in sparkling comedy.—Lyceum; 2nd week.

★★ **Birth of the Blues.** Bing Crosby, Mary Martin in pleasant musical.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

FIRST film production moved from the coast because of the war is "A Tommy in the U.S.A.," which Twentieth Century-Fox has decided to make in Phoenix, Arizona, instead of in its Hollywood studios.

* * *

MADELEINE CARROLL, who had made all arrangements to leave for England by Clipper this month to join her parents, has cancelled her trip and will remain in America. She has already offered her services for war work here.

* * *

BINNIE BARNES is recovering satisfactorily from a major operation.

* * *

SAILOR Stirling Hayden, who signed for convoy duty in Canada a few months ago, is now writing to friends from Iceland.

ENGLISH Robert Coote is returning to the Canadian Air Force after completing his role in the British war relief film, on which, like the other players, he worked for nothing.

* * *

DEANA DURBIN'S walk-out has resulted in a big build-up for 13-year-old Gloria Jean at Universal. Gloria is to star next in a musical comedy entitled, "Wake Up and Dream."

* * *

HEDY LAMARR is trying to adopt a second child. Her first, two-and-a-half-year-old Jimmy, was adopted by her and ex-husband Gene Markey. Only Hedy's obvious devotion to the youngster persuaded California's adoption officials to let her keep Jimmy; divorce of adopted parents generally means the return of the child to the State. Whether Hedy will be lucky a second time is a matter of doubt.

FORMER "silent" favorite Lillian Gish is being tested for the title role in the Paramount remake of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Meanwhile she is staying with Mary Pickford at Pickfair.

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S radio drama series has proved a great success. It is likely that Shirley will become a permanent radio star.

* * *

WENDY BARRIE, born in Hongkong twenty-nine years ago, becomes an American citizen this month.

* * *

IT'S a girl for Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Roland—she is film star Constance Bennett. But Gilbert has to get army leave to meet his daughter.

* * *

BETTE DAVIS and Bob Hope have just been handed a verbal posy from Hollywood's women reporters. Local presswomen found them the most co-operative stars of 1941. In the same breath the girls slapped down Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire for being the most un-co-operative to the Press.

"TEACHER—BOYS ARE FIGHTING! COME AND STOP THEM QUICK!"

"ROLLING IN THE DIRT, TOO THEY'LL SOON TASTE MY STICK!"

"WHO HIT DARLING REGGIE? IF I CATCH THAT IMP..."

BUT A WASH WITH SOLVOL SAVED THE LITTLE SHRIMP!

SUCH A LICKING Solvol gives to stubborn, embedded grime! Down under finger nails . . . into creases and grubby skin pores, its rich lather penetrates and simply rolls out the dirt! And that's something ordinary soaps haven't a hope of doing! Yet Solvol is very, very gentle—so that even toddlers can use it with perfect safety.

Whenever you wash your hands — use SOLVOL

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LIMITED. 5.30.26

FEEL 'GLAD TO BE ALIVE'.. Take Eno

See that *your* children enjoy life the way Nature intended . . . give them a daily, sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" to ensure that their systems are kept free from poisonous food waste, gently and naturally. And how all children love the pleasant taste and merry sparkle of the morning glass of Eno! Always keep a bottle of Eno in the house.

Take only Eno because

2/4 and 3/11 at chemists, stores and canteens.

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.
Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.
Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.
Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

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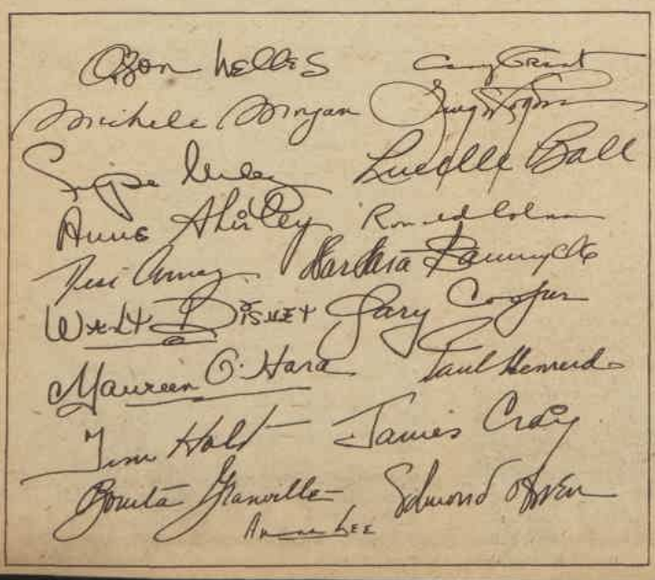
The Movie World

NEW YEAR WISHES . . .

NEW YEAR wishes from the screen to The Australian Women's Weekly readers carry a special significance when Americans fighting democracy's battle include Hollywood's players, and American women working for liberty have put away, for the duration, their film careers of glamor typified by Jane Russell on this page. Not so much from stars to fans as from partners to partners are sent the New Year messages of Bob Hope, Ronald Reagan, Paulette Goddard, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Leslie, Britishers Ronald Colman, Cary Grant—and the film personalities whose signatures are reproduced below.

● *Typical of the peacetime glamor girl, RKO's Jane Russell may find her pre-Hollywood commercial training very useful. She was a secretary and bookkeeper.*

RKO players signed this message to our readers



You will find the signatures of some of your favorite players at left. This is what they wrote . . .

● "As the clock chimes the midnight hour on the last day of the year, we of the RKO studios in Hollywood will be thinking of you and of all our good friends in Australia, and hoping that 1942 will bring happier days and good fortune to all."

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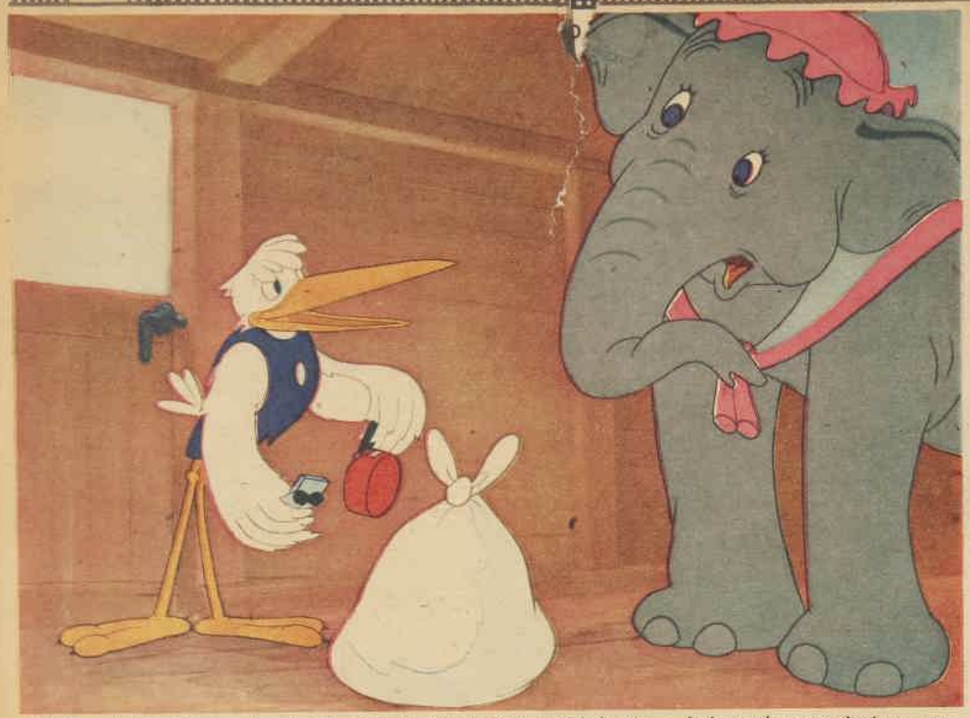
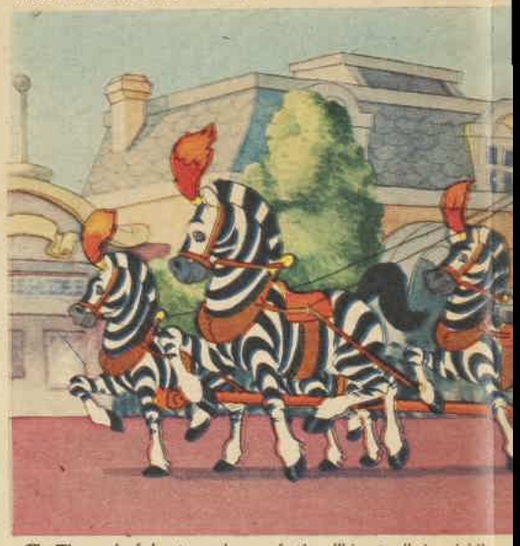


¶ Disney's latest feature-length color cartoon, "Dumbo," story of baby circus elephant whose oversized ears are the bane of his life until he tries using them as wings and discovers that he can fly, introduces a whole series of delightful new animal characters. Above: Old Doc Stork pays an official call on Dumbo's mother, Mrs. Jumbo.

¶ Prominent in the story, which has lovely circus back elephants who jeer at Dumbo's ears, which bring first sh tribe. In contrast to "Fantasia," "Dumbo" contains nothing t

¶ This is Timothy Mouse, a tough little circus veteran, who befriends Dumbo and shields him from mockery of other circus animals. Quite different from Mickey Mouse in appearance and character, Timothy has a sprightly personality all his own. Timothy is cartoon's leading comedian, and, by his voice, is obviously from Brooklyn.



¶ The colorful atmosphere of the "big top" is vividly c was completed in record time, taking eighteen months, previous features. Artists' explanation is that they are now

¶ Little Timothy Mouse, coiled up in an elephant trunk high in the air, is due for a surprise when he awakens and sees Mr. Jim Crow giving him the cold stare. A troupe of blackface crows with Harlem accents provide many of the cartoon's laughs, later sing a humorous ditty, "When I See An Elephant Fly," led by Jim Crow.

¶ A highlight of the film is the uproarious pink elephant into Dumbo's water-pail, with disastrous results for b curious little friend Timothy, who imbibe freely of the

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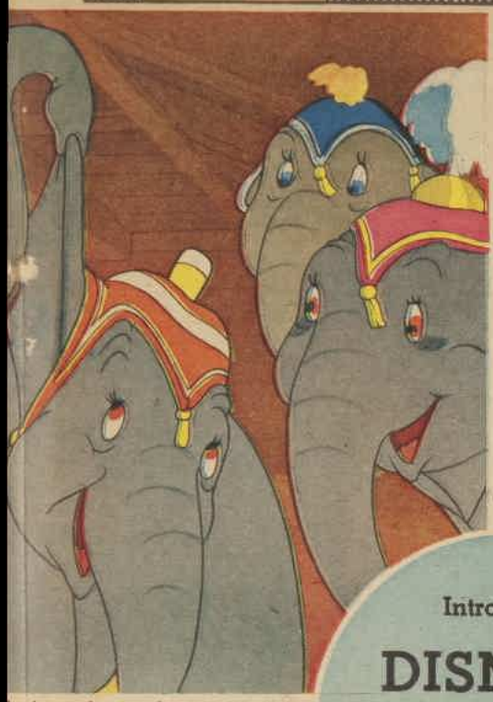


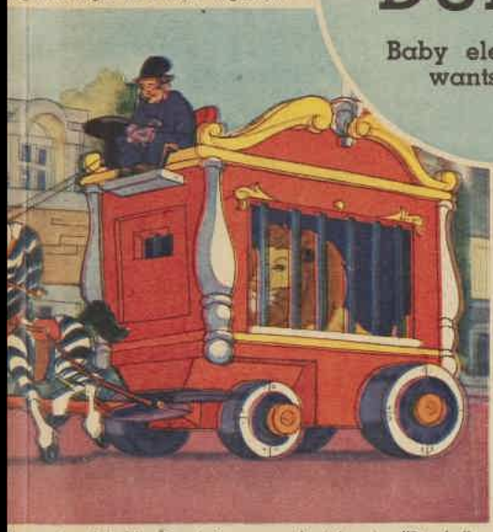
backgrounds, are four gossipy lady
st shame, then fame, to the elephant
ng that might be termed "highbrow."

Working for the first time from an original story, not a well-known fairy-tale, Disney artists could let their imaginations run free. Its earthy humor is shown in this scene of elephant acrobats.

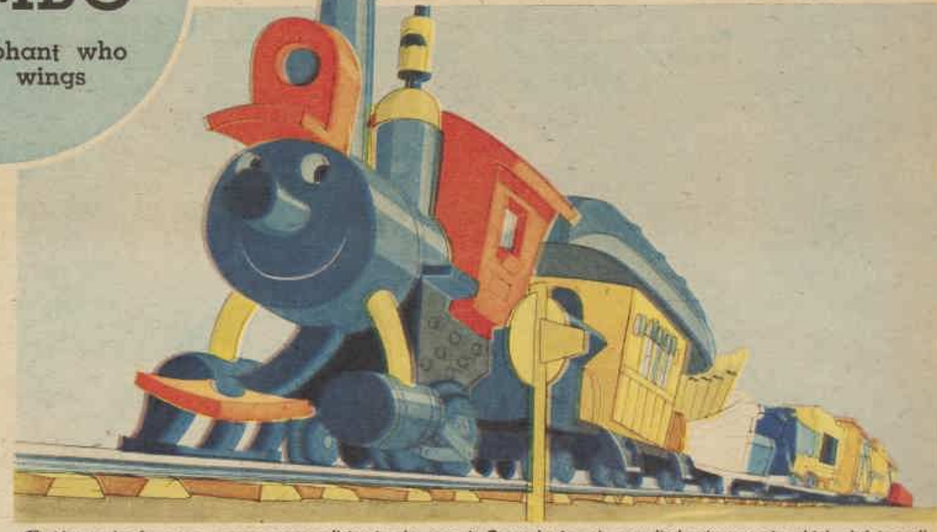
Introducing

DISNEY'S DUMBO

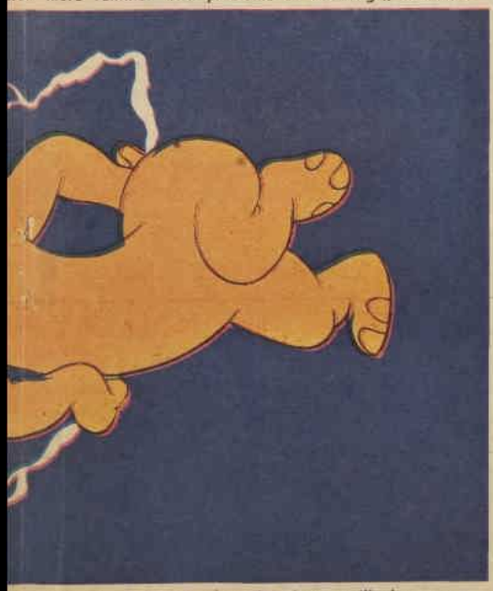
Baby elephant who wants wings



ly captured in the giant circus parade (above). "Dumbo"
nths, as compared with two and a half to three years for
now more familiar with problems of full-length cartoons.



¶ Not to be forgotten among personalities in the cast is Casey junior, the gay little circus train which, defying all weathers and streamlined locomotive rivals, chugs along to the tune of a catchy theme song. "Dumbo" is filled with tuneful music, featuring six new melodies written specially for the cartoon by Disney composers.



nt sequence. It occurs when the clowns spill champagne
both the unsuspecting Dumbo (pictured above) and his
he champagne, sing "Happy Hearted Roustabouts."

¶ Whisked off into a fantasy world, pair encounter weird characters, all pink, all elephantine. In depicting the workings of the little elephant's fevered mind, the artists have cheerfully abandoned all logic and have reached a new high in screwy hilarity. Already gala premiered in New York, Disney's "Dumbo" is expected in Australia soon.

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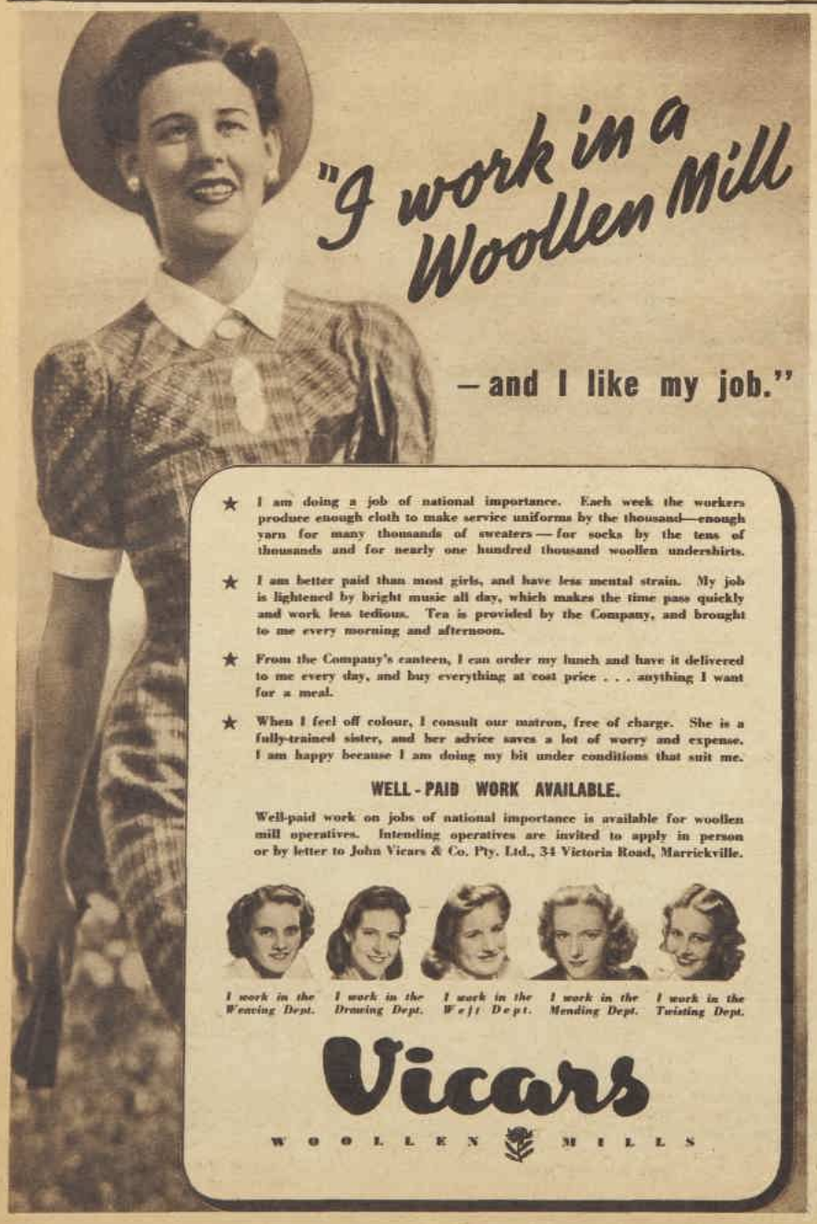
Bette Davis plays another ruthless heroine

1 **GREEDY** for money and power, Regina (Bette Davis) snatches at scheme of brothers (Charles Dingle, Carl Reid) to build cotton mill in their own town.

2 **DETERMINED** to cajole invalid husband Horace (Marshall) into backing this project, Bette has daughter Zan (T. Wright) bring him from hospital.

3 **STEADFAST** against Regina's tears, threats, Horace refuses to back mill, and supports Zan's worthy admirer Richard Carlson (right, 4) against her weak cousin, Leo, whom mother prefers.

BETTE DAVIS' latest Warners film, "The Little Foxes," is a drama of a cruel, self-seeking woman and her two equally avaricious brothers. Herbert Marshall is Bette's husband. Cast includes many actors from the original Lillian Hellman play, as well as Teresa Wright as Bette's daughter.



5 **AFTER HYSTERICAL** outburst of Ben's gentle wife (Patricia Collinge), who confesses loathing for her husband, Zan begins to turn against mother and uncles.

6 **THEN HORACE** finds Leo has stolen his bonds to make up the mill capital.

7 **AT THIS** fresh disaster, Regina, reviling ailing husband, dreams of murder.

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

• BEST MAN Norman Vanstone and bridesmaid Jacqueline Vanden Driche at wedding of Norma Roughley and Winkie Cross, St. Michael's, Vaucluse.

• SEQUIN-TRIMMED scarlet jacket for Mrs. Andy Berts dining at Prince's with husband, who is manager in Australia for Royal Netherlands Indies Airways.

• WOMEN RECRUITS. Joy Calder (left) and Meryn Harriott respond to appeal for women lorry-drivers and begin lessons on gas-producer units.

• NEWLY-ENGAGED Temple Saxton (Humula) and Claire Raffan, attendants at wedding of Captain Max Raffan and Margaret Langley, St. Philips.

All in white . . .

LAST-MINUTE change of plans for Pat McMahon, Taxation Commissioner's daughter, and Phil Lynch for their wedding at Church of the Sacred Heart, Mosman.

Week before wedding Pat hears that Phil may not be able to come down from Newcastle, so cancels reception at Usher's Hotel and plans to be wed "in any frock at all" the day he arrives in Sydney . . . then discovers that Phil is here for original wedding date after all, so goes to the altar in her lovely frock of white marquisette and Chantilly lace.

Bridesmaids Cappy McMahon and Barbara Lynch also pleased that their gowns of white self-patterned organza have not to be put away, unworn, in tissue wrappings.

After ceremony, Pat goes home to change into travelling frock before leaving for honeymoon. The newly-marrieds take a flat at Bondi for a few weeks.

Business as usual . . .

NO cessation of duties on New Year's Eve for Red Cross workers . . . Lady Owen, Noreen Dangar, and Ruby Storey (Junior Red Cross) arrange to work all through the day with V.A.'s as helpers. All members available if called by phone to cope with any rush work.

Commencing this week, three voluntary Fire Squad workers are to sleep on premises at Red Cross House each night ready for any emergency calls . . . On duty on New Year's Eve Mrs. A. Scott, Mrs. G. Horsfield, and Enid Moore.

A daughter . . .

CABLE from England to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Grout, of Killara, announces birth of daughter to Lieutenant Walter Sadgrove (R.A.N.V.R.) and Mrs. Sadgrove, who was former Sister Wilcie Grout, of Sydney.

Mrs. Sadgrove, who trained at Parramatta District Hospital, was married at beginning of the war, and went to England to be near her husband . . . has been doing emergency hospital work in Liverpool and Belfast during heavy raids there.

Reception cancelled . . .

CARDS cancelling invitations to the wedding of Joan Prior and Peter Vesper have been sent out to all guests invited to ceremony at the Blessed Sacrament Church, Clifton Gardens, on January 10.

Instead, Joan and Peter will be quietly married this Tuesday and only 30 relatives instead of 160 guests will be present at early-morning ceremony and later at home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Prior, at Mosman.

Joan explains that owing to Pacific situation she wants a small wedding. Will wear white beaded bridal frock and veil, and bridesmaid, Annette Playoust, to be in French-blue crepe.

Wedding guests . . .

BRIEF visit to Brisbane for Mrs. Hunter Bowman, of Muswellbrook . . . goes up for a few days to be present at wedding of Flying-Officer Kenneth Trotter and Gaynor Nevitt.

Also travelling interstate for a wedding ceremony, Mrs. Phil Ford travels from Camden to Adelaide for marriage of her sister, Barbara Roake, and Sub-Lieutenant Peter Osborne, R.A.N. Mrs. Ford takes son Tony with her.

Visiting Melbourne . . .

AT present visiting Melbourne to be near army husband, Bill, is Beth McDowall, daughter of Australian High Commissioner to Canada (Sir William Glasgow) and Lady Glasgow.

Beth has left her two children, Angus and Shonagh, with their paternal grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Val McDowall, at Ascot, Brisbane.

Musical romance . . .

MUTUAL interest in music leads to romance between Betty King and Sergeant John McClure, R.A.A.F. . . . they met first at symphony concert, and Betty now wears lovely diamond ring.

Betty is only daughter of well-known Sydney singer Oliver King and Mrs. King, of Rose Bay, and herself a well-known pianist frequently plays accompaniments for her father, who is founder of the Associated Music Clubs of Australia.

In Assam . . .

THE Roy Wheatleys of Bringelly very cheered by cable from daughter, Betty Skene, from Assam, saying her permit to go to Malaya had been cancelled at the last moment.

"If she had carried out her original plans she would have landed in Penang the day before the bombing started," says Mrs. Wheatley.

Betty had planned to go to Malaya to spend part of leave with husband Lieutenant Bob Skene, who is with a Ghurka regiment, and then to come on to Australia if unable to stay and do war work there. She is now staying on with Bob's uncle and aunt, who have a tea plantation in Assam.

New names . . .

SECOND son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Dick, of Balgowlah, has been christened James Randal . . . Robert, abroad with A.I.F., writes approval of name. Recent news from Mollie's brother and sister-in-law, Brian and Isabel Haynes, from Delhi, says they have decided to call their second daughter Annabel.

New Year wedding . . .

BRIDAL array for Elizabeth Milne when she marries Sergeant-Pilot George Clegg, of Melbourne . . . date fixed for January 10 (with usual proviso re leave).

Elizabeth, who is daughter of Mrs. Clive Milne, of Edgecliff, chooses afternoon ceremony at St. Mark's, to be followed by reception at Point Piper home of her sister, Mrs. Murchison Kater.

Bridesmaids are both Adelaide lasses, Barbara Crawford and Mary Cudmore. Barbara expected in Sydney this week, but Mary not coming till later as she is busy with nursing duties in Adelaide.

Bridegroom-elect's father, Colonel Clegg, is in England, but his mother will be coming from Melbourne for ceremony.

I like . . .

NOVEL New Year greetings card from Kath Menzies in Melbourne to Sydney friends . . . red lettering with blue initials to each line spelling out Kath's occupation these days—"W.A.A.A.F."

Mrs. Sally Whitaker's attractive floral toque composed entirely of tiny colored feathers.

• BRISBANE photograph of Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Bob Ashton dining at Lennon's. Now living at St. Lucia.

• AT RANDWICK, sisters Mrs. Arthur Cobcroft and Beryl Osborne favor flower-trimmed hats.

• AIR FORCE escort for Sue Gaden, at Romano's with Sergeant-Pilots D. G. Thomson and R. F. Pullen.

• NAVAL WAR auxiliary members Miss M. Lotze and Mrs. G. I. D. Hatcheson busy sending parcels to the country to children of naval men.

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Look how I've Reduced

FORD PILLS have reduced me from 11 st. 2 lbs. to 8 st. 13 lbs., and I haven't had indigestion or constipation since I started taking them each day. People say I look too young to be the mother of 3 children.

Ford Pills are marvellous for Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism and Overweight.

They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes. 2/7½ and 12½d. Everywhere. Note: 2/7½ tubes hold more than three times 12½d. tubes.

F.P.16.

FORD PILLS

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS THIS SIMPLE WAY

Read what the parents of Baby Drummond say of Curlypet:

"Baby's hair used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet, we were delighted with the change. Baby now has a mass of curls greatly admired, and at Baby Shows the judges always remark on his hair." Gently rub Curlypet into baby's hair each day and watch it grow into delightful waves and curls. Curlypet strengthens the hair and makes it beautifully soft and thick. Get a 3/8 tube (month's treatment) from your Chemist or Store to-day. Be sure to get Genuine.

C.6.B.

CURLYPET

Nightmare on Wheels

Continued from page 6

"Go between 'em! Go through 'em if you have to! Like this!" He twisted the wheel with his left hand, and the car lurched between a bakery truck and a yellow roadster, out onto the centre line. Anne pulled out straight just in time to escape a collision with a sedan coming the other way. Her mouth felt dry.

"You must want to get killed," she said.

The man did not answer. Holding the gun on his lap, he leaned forward and watched the road ahead. Anne kept waiting for sounds of pursuit, but none came. Apparently the chase was in the other direction, after the grey sedan. The man had figured shrewdly.

She had a moment's hope at an intersection, where a traffic cop was standing on the corner. But again she felt the gun muzzle at her side. "No funny business, sister! It'll mean curtains if you bring any cops into this."

The policeman waved them through without a glance, and a despairing numbness caught at Anne's throat. No one seemed to care what happened to her.

Block after block slipped past, and the traffic began to thin out. The gunman had not spoken for a long time. His face was expressionless, but he appeared to be thinking. At last he raised his hand.

"Turn left ahead here," he said, "and keep movin' till we're in the park. From there on I'll run this crate, and I'll show you how to twist its tail. We're goin' places, you and me."

The blood was pounding in Anne's temples as she turned the corner. "Twist its tail," had he said? Twist the tail of this sleek, well-fed kitten of theirs? She remembered a picture she had seen of a car abandoned by bank robbers after a successful getaway. The fenders were mangled and the headlights smashed, and the engine had been left a burned-out shell.

She tightened her grip on the wheel. "I'll do the driving," she said.

"That's what you think, babe."

They crossed three streets against the traffic, and far in the distance Anne could see the intersection beyond which lay the park. While she watched, the traffic signal changed from yellow to red. They would have to stop.

Her companion straightened.

"Ride the horn if you need to," he said, "but keep goin'! Never mind the light."

"We'll be wrecked! There's a street-car going to cross!"

"I said keep goin'!" the man growled. "That guy'll stop. Come on, hit it!" He reached over suddenly and pressed downward on her knee, sending the accelerator to the floor. The car leaped forward, and the purr of the motor changed to an angry, high-pitched whine. Anne struggled with the wheel.

A hundred yards ahead, the corner policeman ran out into the street and held up his hand, facing them. The street-car started across the intersection, then halted. Anne heard the savage intake of breath beside her.

"Wise cop, eh? All right, we'll knock that flatfoot clear into the duck pond."

They were aimed straight at their target, and the gunman's fingers were like iron on her knee. She shot a glance into the mirror.

"Oh! Behind us!"

The man's head jerked around, and the pistol moved close against her side. Nevertheless she took her chance. "Be good to me, puss!" she prayed.

Twisting sideways, she yanked her knee loose and kicked at the brake with all her strength. As the tyres bit the pavement, two things happened. The nose of the car dipped sharply, and a wildly-clawing figure in the seat beside her spun forward like a cart-wheel. The man's head struck the door of the glove compartment, and his gun rattled at her feet. He lay across the door without moving.

Anne fought the wheel, keeping her eyes on the policeman ahead. He seemed frozen in his tracks, and his white face came towards her at a sickening pace. Had she mistaken the distance? She thought she must have, but, as she closed her eyes, the tyres gave a final screech and slid to a stop. When she looked up, the policeman was staring at her across the bonnet.

He moved slowly to the side of the car. "Where," he asked, in a voice that gathered strength with each word, "is the fire?"

"In here," Anne faltered, nodding towards the form slumped across the door. "He killed a man at the bank. You'd better get his gun. I'm afraid to touch it . . ."

. . . . . .

The next day was Saturday, and after lunch Anne and Ray were out in the driveway polishing the car. The reporters had been there in the morning and got their stories, and Anne had been notified about the reward.

"Big Mike" Rorig, her passenger of the day before, had been bitter about being left behind by his comrades and had disclosed their hideout. The state police rounded them up shortly after midnight, along with the plunder. Both bank and police were highly gratified.

After a while Ray laid aside his cloth and came around the car. He watched Anne shining up the headlights. "It's nice to be married to an heiress," he said. "What are you going to do with that thousand bucks?"

"Would you take five dollars an hour to give me some driving lessons?"

"After yesterday?" he grinned. "Huh! I'll pay you!"

She shook her head.

"I'm still ashamed. Ray—I stalled the engine right in front of that policeman!"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

WHAT'S the ANSWER

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1—Here's to the New Year! First New Year celebrations on record were held way back B.C. in ancient

Greece — Rome — Babylon — Egypt—Syria.

2—This is the time everyone quotes Tennyson's New Year poem, "Ring Out Wild Bells," from "In Memoriam." Can you supply the line of it which follows

"Ring out the thousand wars of old."

3—And of course we sing "Auld Lang Syne"—whose music, by the way, was composed by

Danks—Lady John Scott—Rimbault—Robert Burns—an anonymous composer.

4—You classify the succulent mushroom as a

Fungus—fruit — root — vegetable.

5—When did Australia declare war on Japan? December, of course, but the exact day was the

6th—7th—8th—9th—10th—11th.

6—Take our new halfpenny stamp. Stick it on your letter—correct way up—and you find that the kangaroo is facing

Right—left.

7—"I've made a New Year resolution to improve my satin-stitch," said Angeline, whose pet hobby is

Knitting—crocheting — needlework—tatting.

8—Having ardently brushed up your N.E.S. work over the past weeks, you can classify an electron bomb as

High explosive—persistent gas—incendiary—non-persistent gas.

9—New Zealand's Wellington is in her

North Island—South Island.

Answers on page 26

HOW DO YOU KNOW B.O. WON'T LET *YOU* DOWN?

There's only one way to be sure. Unless you have your Lifebuoy shower or bath each day you can't be certain you don't offend. Only Lifebuoy has that special health element that combats the very cause of B.O. Apart from that, Lifebuoy's such a joy to use, so freshening — and such good value for your money.

LIFEBUOY

its clean fragrance vanishes ... its protection remains

A LEVER PRODUCT

W.12.19.

Film Ace-Pot in big radio presentation

2GB's new theatre show

Some of the atmosphere of Hollywood will be on the air when the first performance of "Radio Hollywood" is broadcast from 2GB at 7.45 p.m. on Thursday, January 1.

The programme will come from the Macquarie Auditorium, 2GB's new broadcast theatre, with the microphone in front of an audience of 300.

THE broadcast will be a 45-minute presentation of film gossip, in music and in audience-participation competition. There will be a film Ace-Pot carrying rich prizes; there will be news of the stars cabled each week from Hollywood; highlights of the week's films will be on the air; and Reginald Lewis' band will play the hit tunes of the moment.

The Macquarie Auditorium is claimed to possess the most perfect acoustic properties in Australia. Designed specially for broadcasting and occupying the whole of the ground floor of 2GB's new home, Macquarie Building in Phillip Street, Sydney, it is a triumph of science, blended with artistic construction.

The outstanding impression of the auditorium is that nowhere on any of the wall or ceiling surfaces is there any portion parallel with any other surface.

The walls have been splayed and fluted and the ceiling has been moulded in serrations. The object of the engineers was to prevent the possibility of echo, and the broken wall and ceiling surfaces have the effect of dissipating every sound wave into an infinite number of small waves, none of which returns to the microphone.

This is the first occasion in Australia in which this type of construction has been applied so ambitiously and the effect has been to provide a broadcast signal, which has made reception much easier and clearer.

Similar construction has been applied to the four studios on the third floor from which the bulk of 2GB's programmes will originate. The auditorium will be used only for programmes requiring an audience such as "Radio Hollywood" each Thursday night, and the one-hour plays on Sunday nights.

2GB extends to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly an invitation to inspect the auditorium and witness the broadcast on Thursday or Sunday nights.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, December 31.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, January 1.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, January 2.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, January 3. — Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, January 4.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, January 5.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, January 6.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

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Author's plan to revive dead rivers

THE PICTURES ABOVE are from Idriess' book, "The Great Boomerang," illustrating the contrast between the dead river beds of the inland and the coastal rivers which bring life to fertile land.

Tells how great areas could be reclaimed from desolation

Ion Idriess, prolific and popular Australian writer, has for years cherished a scheme to make the great dead river and lake system of our inland flow once more with water.

Now he has written a book, "The Great Boomerang," propounding his plan.

BRIEFLY his idea is to divert water from the Queensland coastal rivers to the three great dead rivers which rise in Western Queensland, the Georgina, the Diamantina, and the Cooper.

Given sufficient quantity of diverted water he believes that the huge empty lakes of South Australia, of which the biggest is Lake Eyre, could be filled once more as they were in prehistoric days.

The enormous drought-stricken areas of south-western Queensland, north-eastern South Australia, and north-western New South Wales could then support millions of people where they now support a handful.

Idriess makes no claim to the expert engineering knowledge necessary for the proposal. Nevertheless, his ideas of overcoming the problems of carrying the water over the ranges and the utilising of the waterfalls of North Queensland to supply electricity sound feasible.

In support of it he recalls that Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield, of Harbor Bridge fame, has recently advocated a scheme to divert the headwaters of the Tully, Herbert, and Burdekin rivers over the western watershed of Queensland, to water and irrigate western rivers and districts.

Idriess points out, too, that the scheme, if kept in mind for postwar reconstruction, would not only provide work for the thousands of returned soldiers and war industry workers, but would eventually give them land to support them.

Title of the book is taken from the shape of the great area concerned in his plan.

"The elbow," he explains, "rests on the Dead Heart" (near Lake Eyre), "one blade goes to the Queensland coast, the other right down South Australia to the coast.

"The boomerang quarters the continent, it is hundreds of miles wide, and its benefits stretch out over a 2000-mile course. Throughout all that mighty course new industries will spring up.

"The water power between the coast and dividing range will be used in numerous ways for pastoral, agricultural, electric, and other industrial purposes . . ."

All Australians know that once a great inland sea existed in this Dead Heart around Lake Eyre, which, as Idriess says, "squats like a petrified spider, its mighty arms dead."

Soil erosion

FOSSILS have told their tale of this age before memory, but Idriess reminds us, too, that man has extended the desolation of the Dead Heart.

Once, every seven or eight years, floods roared down the Diamantina, the Georgina, and the Cooper, and their branches.

But overstocking and consequent soil erosion—the nibbling away of the hardy plants that bound the earth together—has wreaked destruction over the last 70 years.

Great dust storms have blown literally millions of tons of soil away, and blocked watercourses.

In the far outback, deserted stations tell their tale of the heartbreak man unwittingly made for himself.

Ion Idriess knows his Australia, and his book is full of enthralling vignettes of the country, and the men to which his plan would bring new life.

His plan may not be paid a great deal of practical attention now, for, since his book came from the publishers, the Pacific War has begun. Nevertheless, when peace comes it is an idea that seems worthy of at least examination.

The Great Boomerang, by Ion L. Idriess. Angus and Robertson, Sydney. Our copy from the publishers.

ION IDRIESS, whose latest book is "The Great Boomerang."

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, vegetable in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/2½

Flies can't live where you spray FLY-TOX

The ordinary house fly can menace the health and even the lives of your family. Flies spread disease.

But fortunately you can kill flies, quickly, easily and economically with Fly-Tox, the world's finest insect spray. Spray Fly-Tox regularly for home defence. 6-4-41

Gr-r-r! I was cross as a bear! Our indoor tennis tournament would come at the wrong time of the month! "You take my place," I told Nancy. "I'll be too chafed to jump around!" "Bosh!" laughed Nancy. "That's no excuse nowadays! Haven't you heard about Miracle Modess with 'Safety Zoning'?"

And back she came in a minute with a box of Modess. "Look—" Nancy said, cutting a pad. "Modess isn't a layer-type napkin. It has a wonderful filler of fluff. So airy-soft, Modess moulds to the body perfectly without bulk or bunching. And Modess stays softer because 'Safety Zoning' acts for your assurance and comfort, keeping comfortable longer than ever before!"

Try it now!....

Well, I whizzed through one match after another! As comfortable as you please—thanks to Modess! I felt perfectly safe, too, because every Modess pad has a moisture-resistant backing to guard against accidents. So you can see I'm really grateful for Miracle Modess! And lucky for me, it costs no more!

ask for **Modess** SANITARY NAPKINS **1½** BOX OF 12 Buy NOW

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Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

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'ASPRO' POWDERS *are marvellous for* WOMEN

'ASPRO' Powders at one penny each or 14 in the shilling packets are giving women wonderful and practically immediate relief from all kinds of Pain and Headaches. For Colds, 'Flu, Rheumatism and Sciatica the quick-relieving action of 'ASPRO' Powders is remarkable. There is no bitter taste with 'ASPRO' Powders, and they have been proved harmless to both the heart and the stomach.

READ THIS LETTER

Miss P. A. writes from Newcastle:—"For the past three years I have attended my doctor for anaemia and pains peculiar to women and at such times as these I have had to go to bed for at least five or six days on end and I have not been able to help myself at all. I thought I would give your 'ASPRO' a trial, and I am sure I wish I had tried them sooner, as after taking them twice they put new life into me, and I can now go about anywhere without the least bit of fear and that is something after three years' fear and pain. To say that I am troubled with my heart and they do not harm me in the least is a high praise for 'ASPRO' the 'Health giver'."

Always Insist on 'ASPRO' POWDERS BEST and SAFEST!

34/41

FAT, FLABBY STOMACH

REDUCTION & SUPPORT The GOVERNA BELT supports correctly the delicate organs, and, by its gentle changing pressure, banishes waistline fat and bulge with every move you make.

7 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER In 7 days your waistline will be 3in. smaller . . . 3in. of bulge and strain gone . . . OR NO COST! Write for full illustrated details of 7 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER.

GOVERNA BELT CO. Dept. WW, 242 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

DEAF?

"CHICO" INVISIBLE EARPHONES, 21/- PAIR.

● Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Amazingly effective. Guaranteed lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS EARPHONE CO., No. 54 State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

Landfall

Continued from page 7

HIS mother would say triumphantly: "Of course he does. But, you know, they aren't allowed to say. We can't get a thing out of him."

This usually got him an admiring look.

She arranged tea-parties for him, two hours of the same purgatory. He was fond of his mother and bore with it stoically, but he wished she wouldn't.

No, it had not been a happy leave. He had been restless and distracted over Mona. Their parting had been stilted and unsatisfactory. Immediately the Court of Inquiry had risen he had been seized with a blind urgency to get away, and there had been nothing to keep him.

The air-commodore had seen him for a quarter of a hour and had wished him luck.

"I'm not entirely in agreement with the findings of that court," he had said. "I shall forward a note of my own with the papers for attachment to your personal record."

Chambers had said: "Thank you, sir."

"The best thing you can do now is to get off at once and forget about it."

He had anticipated that, and had made all his arrangements. He had driven down to Portsmouth with the galleon balanced on the seat beside him. In daylight the little furniture shop looked squalid and depressing; the snow was melting on the pavement under a steady, persistent rain. He rang the bell of the side door and her mother had answered it, an untidy, pleasant-looking woman in a dirty apron, bulging out of her clothes.

He had felt foolish, and had said: "I'm sorry—could I speak to Mona?"

In a quick, shrewd glance she had taken in the tall figure in the blue-grey coat, the fresh pink-and-white complexion, and she had approved. She had said: "Half a mo', sir. I'll just give her a call."

The word "sir" had depressed him more than ever.

In a minute or two the girl had come to the door. He had said: "I'm going off this afternoon, Mona. I just brought you down the galleon."

Desperately she had searched her mind for somewhere where she could see him alone. But there was nowhere; her father was in the shop and her mother in the kitchen. There was no parlor to the house. She had said: "It's ever so sweet of you to give it to me, Jerry."

He had taken it from the car and put it into her arms; she cradled it like a baby. "I can't ask you in," she had said unhappily. "There's nowhere to go."

"I couldn't stay. I'm just going off on leave."

"Going home?"

"Yes, I live in Bristol, you know."

"Will you be coming back here after that?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so."

There had been an awkward, unhappy pause. The rain dripped steadily upon the pavement at his feet.

He said: "If I get down to London any time, would you like to come up, and we'd do something together?"

She hesitated. The fare would mean that she would have to draw upon her tiny savings, but her mother might be able to help. She said: "I'd love to do that."

He had smiled. "I'll write to you and fix up something."

So they had said good-bye, and he had driven off back to the aerodrome in the little sports car, to collect his bags and start for Bristol. Mona had taken the galleon up to her room and put it on the dressing-table where it was in the way. Later in the day her mother, wistful for a daughter's confidence, had said a little timidly: "I did think that officer looked ever such a nice boy, Mona."

She had turned away. "I shan't be seeing any more of him. He just came round to say good-bye. He's going away."

She had gone out to be alone, and had walked for two hours through the streets and down the rain-swept, deserted sea-front till the gathering darkness and the rain had driven her home, to change her shoes and stockings for her evening's work in the snack-bar.

Eagerly, then, she had looked forward to the jaunt to London, but it didn't materialise.

It had not been possible for Chambers to get to London before Christmas without worrying his mother, and his posting to Market Stanton came at a day's notice.

JERRY found Market Stanton cold comfort. The aerodrome was deep in snow and mud, alternately hard with frost and miserable with the thaw. The mess was a brick building reasonably warm and comfortable; the bedrooms were in wooden huts separated into cubicles of beaver-board, tiny and bleak and quite unheated.

Chambers suffered it for a couple of nights, then motored seven miles into Beverley to buy a paraffin heating-stove and a can of oil. This warmed his cubicle sufficiently to enable him to unpack and erect his short-wave wireless set and re-establish radio communication with America. The occupation eased the lonely ache that he had suffered since he had left Emsworth. Presently, settling down, he wrote to London for the kit to make a model caravel.

He did not find the work exacting. The aerodrome accommodated several squadrons of Wellington heavy bombers, faster than the machines that he was used to, and a good deal larger, but intrinsically much the same. He flew one dual with a flight-lieutenant for a couple of hours and learned to land it in the swept lanes of the aerodrome; then he flew it solo for a few hours more.

Presently he was flying it confidently by night as well as by day, and was ready to go on service as a second pilot.

Towards the end of January he flew over Germany.

The flight was curious to him, because it was almost completely uneventful. It was just like any other night flight, lasting about eight hours. The squadron chose a fine, frosty, starry night for the raid, with a light northerly wind. The machines were loaded up with leaflets printed in German for distribution over enemy territory.

Each Wellington had a different course to take. The full crew of five were on board and full ammunition, but the bomb-racks were empty and the machines were loaded in the fuselage with the brick-like packets of the propaganda. Past raids of that sort had shown them that it was unlikely that they would encounter much resistance.

The pilots were amused and scornful of the job they had to do. "Hitler doesn't give a . . . for the stuff," was the general opinion. "It's not worth his while to waste his petrol sending up his fighters."

Nevertheless, there was excitement and tension in the aeroplanes as they took off.

They left the ground at about eleven o'clock at night, taking off singly at intervals of about three minutes. Each of the big monoplanes taxied to the end of the runway in practically complete darkness, guided only by the flicker of flash-lamps. Engines were run up for a last test with the machines facing down the long swept path, the exhaust-pipes streaming long spears of blue flame in the cloudless starry night.

Then, when all was ready, the dim lights came on which showed the runway, and the machine took off; immediately it was clear of the ground the lights were extinguished till the next machine was ready.

Chambers was in the third machine to go, serving as second pilot to a flight-lieutenant called Dixon.

The flight-lieutenant piloted the monoplane for the take-off; Chambers sat beside him in a little folding seat in the passage that gave access to the bomb-aimer's position in the nose. Behind them were the wireless operator and the corporal gunner, the latter sitting on the piles of propaganda leaflets. In the gun-turret at the very tail of the machine a sergeant gunner sat alone.

They came to the end of the runway and swung round as the lights were extinguished and the second machine climbed slowly from the ground, vanishing into the starry night, its tail-light visible as a wandering star among the other stars.

Please turn to page 28

How I Took My Lines Out

after Beauty Specialists and so-called line removers had failed

SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT WORKS WONDERS

AT night I used a cream blended with Biocel, obtained from the hearts of deep skin cells of young animals. This is like the biocel in your own skin. It is this magic-like substance that keeps your skin firm, fresh and young. It was discovered by a great University Professor. It is now blended with Crème Tokalon Biocel. Use this biocel cream at night. In the morning apply Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). It nourishes the skin, contracts enlarged pores and is the best possible foundation for "make-up." Success guaranteed in every case in which these two creams are used or double your money back. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If kidneys don't pass 3 pints a day and get rid of 3 pounds of waste matter, the 14 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages, with smarting and burning, show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Most people watch their bowels, which contain only 27 feet of intestines, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. GET DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

INDIGESTION

"I suffered with indigestion, wind and fullness after meals. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder without any thought of relief, for I had tried so many things. That trial decided me to buy a tin. No one can realise the wonderful feeling of relief.

I took De Witt's regularly for a fortnight and then to prove its value I ate something that before would have given me hours of agony. I purposely avoided taking a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder and suffered no ill results. I have never had the slightest pain since I started taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. Mrs. G. H.

This convincing "I KNOW—I proved it" spirit brings new hope to every sufferer. Mrs. G. H. tried so many things without relief that the effectiveness of De Witt's Antacid Powder came as a pleasant surprise.

Week by week, month by month, all through the year, reports are printed in the press giving you these convincing "I KNOW—I proved it" statements, telling how De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes digestive trouble for other people. We honestly believe this remedy will give prompt relief and increasing benefit to every indigestion sufferer.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

A proved remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/7½, Giant size 4/6, inc. Sales Tax.

The answer is—

1—Rome. (Instituted by Numa, in 713 B.C.).
2—"Ring in the thousand years of peace!"
3—Rimbault.
4—Fungus.
5—9th.
6—Left.
7—Needlework.
8—Incendiary.
9—North Island.

Questions on page 24

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Written in the STARS

Astrology by June Marsden

Popularity, ambition, power! These are a few of the things Capricornians can be expected to strive for.

ALTHOUGH modern calendars give January 1 as the beginning of the year, astrology and ancient calendars mark March 21 as New Year's Day.

This not only indicates the beginning of a new cycle of planetary movements and shows that the sun has entered the first zodiacal sign, Aries, but establishes that spring, with its promise of new life and germination, has begun.

That is why the present period of the year governs Capricornians — people born between December 22 and January 20.

In all Capricornians there is a strong desire for material success. They want fame, power in business, and rule over others.

They are full of ambition, and possess almost unending patience and diligence when it comes to realising great hopes and wishes.

But they should never forget, in their struggle for success and power and wealth, that happiness and love are even more important. They sometimes grow self-centred, moody and hard through anxiety, with the result that they bring unpopularity upon themselves and thus lose the opportunities for which they are striving.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be on guard for the next few weeks. January 2 (early) and January 3 (before noon) call for special care against discord, misjudgments, ill-temper, bad changes, and troubles through writings, unpopularity, and over-anxiety.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Here's a chance to catch up with those opportunities you've been wanting. Make plans and work hard seeking the things you want, especially on December 30 (near 2 p.m.) and January 2 (late evening), December 31 (sunset) and January 1 (afternoon) should be fair.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Things which have recently been difficult now begin to clear up, but do not be over-confident or begin new ventures just yet. December 30 (near 2 p.m.), December 31 (sunset), and January 1 (mid-afternoon) just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Guard against losses, upsets, arguments, opposition, partings, and other troubles just now. This is especially the case on December 30 (evening), January 2 (before dawn), and January 3 (forenoon). Do not make any important changes for some weeks. Routine work wisest.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular for most Leonians unless fortune comes as a follow-up of affairs set in motion during the weeks before Christmas. Best plan now is to consolidate past gains. December 30 (near 2 p.m.), December 31 (around 5 p.m.), January 1 (mid-afternoon), January 4 (sunrise and near 2 p.m.), and January 6 (sunrise and sunset) all fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Opportunities for success and more happiness now likely, so plan well and work hard. Ask favors, seek promotion, make changes, decisions, and journeys, especially on January 3 (late evening) and January 4 (around sunrise or near 2 p.m.).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Difficulties and upsets or delays can now predominate. Be cautious and avoid changes or arguments, especially on January 2 (early a.m.) and January 3 (forenoon).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Quite fair for many Scorpions now, so modest ambitions can be realised by wise planning and diligence. Make good use of January 3 (from 8 to 11 p.m.) and January 4 (near sunrise and early afternoon).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Consolidate recent gains rather than begin new ventures. December 30 (evening), January 2 (early morning), January 3 (forenoon) and January 6 (early morning) all poor. January 5 (late afternoon) and January 6 (around sunrise and sunset) very fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be up and doing for opportunities can be turned to good account now. December 30 (from 1 to 4 p.m.) best of week, December 31 (sunset), January 5 (afternoon), and January 6 (sunrise and sunset) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unspectacular, but plan now for the near future. December 31 (sunset) and January 1 (mid-afternoon) just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Quite fair for many Piscians now, so get busy and seek your fortunes. January 3 (late evening) and January 4 (around sunrise and early afternoon) should be very fair for modest ventures and changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have located the headquarters of the Octopus Ring, which is stealing government aeroplane plans. With
MR. ROARK: Of the Secret Service, they are trapped in a fire in the building, but escape after the gang has got away. Back at Secret Service headquarters Mandrake tells
THE CHIEF: Of the Bureau that, by means of telepathy, he can show his agents pictures of the two spies he has already contacted. He throws the images on a screen and announces that he intends to send for
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, before continuing with the case.
NOW READ ON:

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 .... On sale at all newsagents .... Price 6d

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Instant First Aid

Discomfort and incapacity likely to be caused by blisters can be prevented by applying an 'Elastoplast' Wound Dressing to the heel or other tender part. Strip off the protective muslin from the dressing, apply antiseptic pad, and press down the adhesive. A blister should first be cleaned before dressing is applied.

'Elastoplast,' being elastic, stretches easily with the skin yet keeps in place until the wound is healed.

Never neglect small injuries — keep 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings handy. Sold by all Chemists in unmistakable **RED** tins, **10½d. and 1/10** Wound Dressings are also available separately in cartons.

DESPITE WAR CONDITIONS we shall endeavour to maintain reasonable supplies to chemists for regular customers.

BOILS *need the comfort of the circular 'Elastoplast' Boil Dressing. Complete treatment in one tin.*

CUTS *are safe and well on the way to healing when they are protected with 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings.* **10½d. and 1/10** *tins.*

GRAZED KNEES *should be cleaned at once and dressed with 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings or a piece from the Dressing Strip (see below).*

'ELASTOPLAST' 1-yard DRESSING STRIP *is very popular and economical for family use, as any required width can be cut from it.*

10½d & 1/10d RED TINS

MADE BY T. J. SMITH & NEPHEW LTD.

Pimples and Bad Skin Fought in 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Eczema, Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies and Red Blotches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way, and don't let a bad skin make people think you are diseased.

A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in these 3 ways. 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft and velvety smooth.

Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works faster than anything you have seen in your life before. It stops the itching, burning and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skins to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Weedon, Edmund Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 13, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without results. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. Overnight the pimples seemed to have faded away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your Chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm NOW 2/1

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Landfall

Continued from page 26

DIXON settled in his seat and slowly pushed one throttle forward. In the shaded orange lights over the instrument panels both pilots watched the rev counter and boost gauge, the cylinder head temperatures, and the many pressure gauges. They tested the controllable propeller, and then closed down that engine and ran up the other.

In the end, Chambers raised his thumb. The pilot nodded. Chambers glanced back over his shoulder and nodded to the men behind, then flashed the signalling-lamp on the underside of the fuselage. Immediately, the lights came on, and the long runway stretched out straight ahead of them, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

The pilot pressed the throttles forward, and the machine began to move. She gained speed slowly for the first few seconds; then the propellers took hold of the air and they went trundling down the runway, heavy with the fuel and load on board.

At five hundred yards they were doing eighty on the air-speed indicator, and the big monoplane was starting to feel light upon the ground. The snow flew past them on each side. At ninety the pilot eased the wheel towards him with a firm, slight pull; the vibration from the runway ceased and they climbed very slowly from the ground. They crossed the hedge with about ten feet to spare and flicked the undercarriage switch; the hydraulic pumps groaned and clattered as the wheels retracted.

Then the lights behind them were extinguished, and they went climbing up into the blue vault of the starry night.

Chambers left his seat and went to the navigating table, stayed there for a moment, and came back and set the course upon the compass. Each of the machines had its own route to follow in the operations of the night, independent of the others. Chambers set a course direct for Cuxhaven.

They went climbing up into the night. Two or three minutes after they had crossed the coast they turned out the navigating lights and went on out over the sea, a dim shadow moving across the firmament.

Already it was very cold in the machine. They shut up all the windows and turned on the heating full; even so the temperature in the cabin fell below freezing very soon. Chambers changed places with the flight-lieutenant and took over the piloting. At fifteen thousand feet they adjusted the oxygen masks upon their faces and turned on the supply. Immediately they felt warmer.

At twenty thousand feet they levelled out, stopped climbing, and took up their normal cruising speed.

As they crossed the sea, seen dimly beneath them as a corrugated sheet, the moon came up ahead of them. Its light shone upon the cockpit and the wings and made them feel conspicuous; they would have preferred the shadow of the night. Once they saw a ship upon the water, heading roughly north-east; they had no means of telling whose it was.

They saw land ahead of them at about a quarter to one, and picked up the outline of the estuary of the Elbe at Cuxhaven. They followed the river, checking their navigation by the ground to settle the direction of the wind until they came to Hamburg.

There was no doubt about the city. All round it the snow covered the countryside; the city appeared as an untidy, speckled blotch upon a field of white. In the bright moonlight they could see the docks and the line of the river, and they made an effort to count the ships in sight along the quays. The streets were faintly lighted. There were no searchlights visible.

They strained their eyes into the darkness for enemy fighters, but in vain. Each minute they expected gunfire, but no gunfire came.

To Chambers it was fantastic and unreal. It was incredible that that big town down below him should be full of Germans, fanatically devoted to their Fuhrer, hating England and the English with all the force of their warped, virile souls.

Dixon leaned his head towards him and moved the oxygen-mask from his mouth.

"Not much wind," he said. "Get about five miles over to the west, and we'll drop the stuff there."

He showed Chambers the map of the locality. The pilot nodded and swung the bomber round, staring intently at the dim ground below. Presently he found the wood that he was looking for, and circled over it. He glanced over his shoulder. Dixon and the corporal were shoving the brick-like packets of leaflets down the chute. The pilot glanced over the side, but he could see nothing of the paper cloud.

The flight-lieutenant came along to him. "Berlin next stop," he said. He set the new course on the compass for the pilot. "We'll probably run into searchlights pretty soon. Like me to take her?"

Chambers grinned: "I'm all right. You take a spell after Berlin."

"All right."

Half an hour later, sure enough, the searchlights blazed out ahead of them from somewhere near Spandau. Most of them were white in color, one or two were pale green and one or two violet.

The machine flew on steadily towards them, flying at about twenty-two thousand feet. At that height they were very largely safe from searchlights; when the beams caught them, as they did from time to time, the illumination of the machine was not very great. The young man kept a keen, incessant look-out for enemy fighters. They saw nothing. Swiftly they passed above the line of searchlights, discovered a river and a dark, faintly-glowing mass ahead, and so came to Berlin.

THEY made a wide circuit of the city, tense and anxious. There were no searchlights, no gunfire, no fighters. The main streets seemed to be faintly illuminated by shaded street lamps, and away on the outskirts to the east there was a pattern of light that they took to be the landing lights laid out upon an aerodrome. They flew towards the west again, discharged their leaflets at a spot where the wind would carry them down into the city, and set a course for Leipzig, relieved and faintly disappointed.

They got to Leipzig at about three o'clock in the morning; by that time the moon was high. There they were fired upon, without searchlights. Below them they could see the flashes of the guns, the long trails of tracers from the shells, and the vivid bursts about their level.

Dixon was flying the machine, and climbed and dived alternately to change the height by a few hundred feet. The others concentrated intently on the work they had to do as the machine circled the city. None of the shells came near. Chambers watched the flashes of the guns intently from the forward gun position, marking the location of each battery upon a large-scale plan of the city.

They scattered their leaflets and set a course for Kassel.

Kassel was dark and silent; they circled it, dropped their leaflets and turned northwards for home.

At Hanover and at Bremen there were searchlights, and between Bremen and Wilhelmshaven there was an intense barrage of searchlights and of gunfire. Dixon was still at the controls and went through it in a series of dives and climbs coupled with forty-five degree turns to port and starboard, designed to confuse the sound locators and the gunners.

One or two bursts came near them, and next day they found a small gash in the fabric of the rear fuselage where a splinter had passed through, but they suffered no damage and set a course for home over the North Sea.

It was a little after five o'clock in the morning. In spite of the heated cabin they were all stiff with cold; with the relaxation from the strain of being over Germany they began to feel their fatigue.

Chambers took over the controls and brought the bomber down to a more reasonable height—about ten thousand feet; they took off their oxygen-masks and breathed naturally once again. Dixon got out the thermos flasks and passed round mugs of coffee and a tin of boiled sweets. The drink refreshed them.

Presently, as the flew, a faint tinge of grey came into the sky behind them and the stars grew paler in the east.

They approached the coast of Yorkshire in a long descent, with navigation lights alight and with their pistol charged with a flare cartridge showing the color of the day. They made their landfall at the mouth of the Humber and flew north a little up the coast before turning inland towards Market Stanton.

In the grey light of a frosty dawn they came to the aerodrome and circled round it at a thousand feet. Dixon was at the controls; he brought the big monoplane in low over the hedge and put her down upon the runway.

They taxied into the hangar and cut out the engines. The duty-officer came out to meet them, muffled to the ears in greatcoat and muffler. He asked: "What was it like over there?"

Dixon said: "Freezing cold."

Please turn to page 29

LET YOUR MIRROR PROVE THAT "5-IN-ONE" MAKES DULL TEETH GLISTEN—or money back

Seeing is believing! Buy a tube of "5-IN-ONE" to-day and use it regularly for 7 days. Then, unless you are satisfied that your teeth are whiter, and unless you like "5-IN-ONE" better than any other Dental Cream you have ever used, you may send back the partly used tube and have your money refunded in full.

DENTISTS RECOMMEND IT because they know that "5-IN-ONE", containing "Depessium" and "Lanigen 'D'", combines the functions of 5 ordinary toothpastes. It (1) whitens teeth (2) dissolves stains (3) prevents decay (4) protects the gums (5) sweetens the breath. You need the 5-way protection of this 100% Australian Dental Cream. Used by Australia's loveliest models, recommended by dentists everywhere and sold on a guarantee of satisfaction or money back, "5-IN-ONE" Dental Cream is unique. Go to your chemist, store or canteen to-day for a tube of "5-IN-ONE" and make the "Seeing is Believing" test right away.

Ideal for dental plates, too — keeps them stain-free, film-free, odourless

5-IN-ONE *Dental Cream*

AT ALL CHEMISTS, STORES & CANTEENS

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Landfall

Continued from page 28

THEY handed over their notes and wrote a short report. Then they went back to their respective messes. Chambers was cold and sleepy; about them the camp was coming to life. He went to the breakfast-table in the mess and had a cup of coffee and a plate of very sweet porridge. Then he went over to his bedroom, undressed, and tumbled into bed, and slept till lunch.

There followed ten days of stagnation, of routine duties and short test flights, of reading the papers and waiting for orders. In this time Chambers made a start upon his caravel, decarbonised his little car, and brooded restlessly about the mess. It ended in a summons to the group-captain's office.

Two other pilots came with him; none of them knew what it was about. They stood in a row before the C.O.'s desk, a middle-aged officer, rather portly and going a little bald.

He said: "Good morning, gentlemen. I sent for you because I've been asked to supply a volunteer for special duties. I don't know what the work is, except that it's some sort of testing to be carried out on Wellingtons."

He paused and smiled a little. "I want a volunteer," he said, "because I understand it's not quite so safe as—as flying over Germany, shall we say. I sent for you three because you all have the basic qualifications for the work, because you're none of you married so far as I know. It's the sort of job that might lead to something. On the other hand, it may go flat after a week or two."

One of the flying-officers said: "Can we have some idea what sort of work it is, sir?"

"Not much. It's out over the sea, and that's about all I know. I picked you three because you've all had a good bit of experience over water, and because you're all adequate pilots on the Wellington."

Chambers said: "Can you tell us what the establishment is?" It was important for a regular officer to know that, to avoid stagnation in promotion.

"I don't think there is any establishment. The pilot who gets this job will be the first. He should be quite all right in that way."

One of them said: "Unless he falls in the drink."

The group-captain said: "Unless he falls in the drink." He eyed them for a minute. "I want a volunteer for this," he said, "because I understand that it's a tricky sort of business. You'd better go away and let me know this afternoon if any of you want it. If more than one of you are keen to have it I shall have to choose somebody; I'll have to choose somebody if I don't get any volunteers." He paused. "That's all for the present."

They filed out of the office and walked over to the mess. Chambers said: "Well, what does anyone make of that?"

The other two were lukewarm. One of them said: "I put in a month ago for posting to a fighter squadron. I was put down for fighters at the F.T.S., and then they sent me here. I'm not so struck on going on Wellingtons, myself."

The other was silent. His home was in York, and Market Stanton was near enough to York for him to get home at week-ends and on half-days of leave, especially when the days got longer and one could motor later before blackout. He said presently: "I'd rather go on here."

Then turning to Chambers: "Do you want it?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care much either way. It sounds as if it might be interesting."

"Darn sight too interesting, if you ask me," said the first. "Fighters are the thing to go for. Nice to fly, and you get a chance of acting on your own. They're safe, too. Engine in front of you to keep the bullets off, and eight guns for you to hose him with. Safest job in the war, these Hurricanes and Spitfires. I wish they'd ask for volunteers for them."

"ARE you putting in for it?" the other man asked Chambers.

"I might do. Do you want it?"

The other shook his head. "I'd go if I had to, of course—if the C.O. picked me. But I'd rather stay here." He hesitated, and then said: "I'm getting married in the spring."

Chambers said: "Are you? Have a beer. The young people — they will do it. Can't stop 'em. That lets you out of it, anyway."

The other said: "You want to get into a fighter squadron if you're getting married. Safest job in the war, old boy."

Chambers sat down in a long armchair before the fire with a magazine. He did not dislike the idea of a change. The monotony of sitting on the ground week after week waiting for orders for a raid was irking him, as it was irking all of them. After the continuous patrol that he had been used to on the Coastal Command the inactivity was galling.

The thought of more work was attractive, and test flying should be interesting. He had been at Market Stanton for about six weeks, and he did not care for the station. It was too far from a picture-house for his liking. It was twenty miles from a decent grill-room. As he thought about it his heart ached for the Portsmouth scene, where there had been grill-rooms and pictures, and Mona, all within ten miles of the aerodrome.

Curse it all! This place was no good. He'd put in for this job and get away.

He presented himself before the group-captain that afternoon. "I think I'd like to put in for that job, sir," he said. "Can you tell me where it would be?"

The C.O. said: "I don't know that myself, Chambers. I rather think it's on the Clyde."

The boy nodded. Anything was better than Market Stanton. "I think I'd like to have a stab at it," he said.

"All right. Are any of the others putting in for it, do you know?"

"I don't think so, sir. Neither of them seemed very keen."

"I'll give them the rest of the afternoon. If they don't show up by then I'll put you forward for it."

"It means going pretty soon, sir, I suppose?"

"Almost immediately, I should think. We'll probably get a postagram about it in the morning."

"I'd better start putting my things together, then?"

"I should think so. I know they want somebody quite urgently."

Chambers went back to the bedroom-hut and began to collect his scattered belongings ready for packing. Before dinner he met the group-captain in the mess. "I put you in for that job, Chambers," he said. "I sent off a signal about it. We should hear by the morning."

The boy said: "I'll get ready to go then, sir."

The C.O. said: "I'm sorry you're going, Chambers. You've done quite well here. I was going to send you as first pilot in charge of a machine, next time we had a show."

"It's very nice of you to say that, sir."

"I mean it. I'm sorry you're going."

Chambers went back to his bedroom and began to dismantle his wireless set.

Next morning he was summoned to the C.O.'s office. The group-captain said: "I've got the postagram about your posting, Chambers. You're to report to Titchfield aerodrome at once, to the Marine Experimental Unit. Titchfield—that's somewhere down by Portsmouth."

The pilot swallowed something. "I—I've just come from there, sir."

"Have you? I thought you came from the Coastal Command."

"Yes, sir. I was at Emsworth aerodrome."

The group-captain smiled: "Well, you're going back again to the same part of the world. I hope you've enjoyed your trip to Yorkshire."

The boy stood dumbfounded. It was clear to him that the group-captain knew nothing of the reasons that had caused him to be moved from the Portsmouth district. Now the die was cast, and he was shifted back there again. In the stress of war the papers in his personal record had been overlooked by Postings, if indeed his personal record had been consulted at all before the appointment had been made.

Now was the time to make a protest, if one was to be made.

He thought of Market Stanton, and he thought of Portsmouth. It was two months or more since Caranx had been lost. There would be embarrassment, perhaps, but he would be with a different unit on a different aerodrome. In all probability he would meet none of the same people. He hesitated, irresolute.

The group-captain eyed him keenly. "What's the matter?"

"I didn't much want to go back to Portsmouth, sir. For a personal reason."

The commanding-officer said: "Well, it's done now, Chambers. Is your reason very serious?"

The pilot hesitated again. If he braved it out and went back to Portsmouth, he would see Mona. He said slowly: "I don't think so, sir."

Please turn to page 30

FITNESS as usual

Be sure to take your Beecham's Pills and steer clear of sick headaches, liverishness, digestive upsets and that 'down in the dumps' feeling. Beecham's Pills are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some today.

The Golden Rule of Health

-take Beecham's Pills

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . *why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets* with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, *safe* relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—*without the slightest "doping."* Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say *Myzone* relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

"Myzone *not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples.*" M.P.

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USE LISTERINE Tooth Paste and you use the same dental powders your dentist uses, *creamed for your convenience.* No grit, no harmful abrasive, no useless frothing element. It is all cleaner, goes further and does more good. And, is the *only* dentifrice that contains the antiseptic oils of LISTERINE Antiseptic itself

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

MORE THAN ¼ LB. OF TOOTH PASTE IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE 2/6 LARGE SIZE 1/3

ADENOIDS AND TONSILS

Mouth breathing, stubborn coughs and colds, weak chest, anaemia, loss of appetite, underweight, irritability are caused by adenoids and infected tonsils. Get Kanatox to avoid painful operations. KANATOX kills disease germs and adenoids disappear gradually and naturally — swollen tonsils subside.

Get a 99-dose 3/9 flask (or 200-dose treatment flask 10/-), complete with special heavy dropper, from your nearest chemist.

Dr. BRODIE'S KANATOX

Landfall

Continued from page 29

THE elder officer stood up. "Well, you'd better take it and get off to your new job. I'm sure you'll do well in it. In wartime we can't pick and choose the postings as we used to do, you know. I'm sorry if it's not quite what you wanted, but one has to take the rough with the smooth."

Chambers nodded: "I know." And then he said: "What does the Marine Experimental Unit do?"

"I haven't an idea—you'll find out when you get there. I've never heard of it before."

"It is a new unit, then?"

"It must be. It certainly wasn't in existence before the war."

"It sounds as if it might be interesting."

He said good-bye to his commanding-officer, and went over to his bedroom-hut. His packing was very nearly finished. He strapped his bags, and gave a tip to his batman; then he drove the little sports car round and loaded everything he had into it. He went over to the mess and paid his mess bill, and then to the adjutant's office to get petrol coupons for his journey south.

He got on to the road directly after lunch.

Although his little motor-car made a good deal of noise, it did not get along the road very fast. It was getting dark when he arrived at Barnby Moor; he stopped there for the night. Next day he went on down the Great North Road, skirted round London in the early afternoon through Watford and Slough, and came to Titchfield aerodrome on the edge of the darkness. He drove straight to the adjutant's office and reported.

The adjutant said: "You're the Wellington pilot for the Marine Experimental Unit, then?"

Chambers said: "Yes, sir. Can you tell me what it is I have to do?"

The squadron-leader said: "I'm not supposed to know anything that goes on over in that hangar. But I can tell you, more or less."

He did so. What he said was very technical, difficult to understand . . .

That evening Mona walked to the snack-bar in the grey dusk. It was the first time for months that she had gone to work in daylight, but it had been a fine light evening, and she was a little early.

As she went she was wondering whether to change her job. The snack-bar was all right, but since Jerry went she had been restless. If she could get into a big shop, now, in the perfumery or the ladies' gowns . . .

She arranged her glasses behind the bar. A few officers came in at six o'clock and she was mildly busy; by half-past six the place was starting to warm up.

There was a lean, saturnine lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. there that she knew as Mouldy James; she was not sure if the mouldiness was his nature or whether it meant that he had specialised in torpedoes. As a Portsmouth girl, born and bred, she knew it might be either.

Mouldy was with one or two others; they had a paper in their hands that they were laughing over. At first sight she took it for a rude story in typescript, such as she knew men liked to circulate. Then she saw it was a cutting from a newspaper. She caught the eye of Lieutenant James, who grinned at her.

Business was slack for the moment. She said: "What's that you've got there?"

The officer took the cutting and flipped it across the bar to her. "My uncle in America sent it to me," he said.

She took it, wondering. "Is this a bit of an American paper?"

"That's right. He lives in Norfolk, Va."

"Just fancy." She looked at the print. "It's really just the same as our papers, isn't it?"

"The Lord forbid."

She smiled politely, not quite understanding what he meant. "What did you mean by saying that your uncle lived in Norfolk, Va.?"

"Virginia. Just like you might say Portsmouth, Hants."

She said again. "Just fancy . . ." Then she read the cutting.

ACE WAR-TIME SKIPPER SAW BRITISH SINK NAZI U-BOAT

Alex Jorgen, blue-eyed, red-haired captain of Dutch motor-ship Heloise, told Star reporter of hairbreadth escapes in England's blockade zone.

Traversing English Channel on December 3, said Dutch captain, we saw a U-boat sunk by British off Departure Point. Violent explosion about two miles in-shore broke glasses in the steward's pantry, then bow and stern of U-boat appeared separately before vanishing forever.

Jorgen said British were as bad as Nazis in the war on neutral shipping. On last voyage was forced to jettison 600 tons of rubber at Weymouth, British contraband control port, following navicert trouble.

SOMEBODY came up to the bar and said: "Two half-cans, please."

Mona served him and returned to the cutting. "I don't see what the joke's about."

Mouldy James took the cutting back and put it carefully into his notecase. "There isn't any joke, really," he said. "Only, I know that captain. I was in Contraband Control when they brought him in. He's the biggest liar that we ever got. He said the rubber was for babies' dummies."

One of the others said: "His U-boat story is a lie, anyway. We never got one in these parts till January."

Mona opened her mouth to speak, and then shut it again. In a sickening moment she realised that the date was the date when Caranx had been sunk: December 3.

These officers had not appreciated that; quite possibly they had none of them been in the district at that time. She must keep her mouth shut, because of Jerry. He had gone out of her life and she would never see him again, but she would not rake his trouble up in idle talk.

She turned away and then began rinsing out her glasses.

When she turned back to the bar, Mouldy James and his friends had gone away; she saw them sitting up at the grill-bar, eating. She served her drinks listlessly, depressed.

In a slack moment Miriam said: "You look proper down to-night. Anything wrong, dear?"

She said: "Everything. I'm getting to hate this work."

The other girl said: "Well, I don't know about that. It's regular. I thought you'd liked it here."

"I did used to. I don't now."

She looked round the long room. In a far corner a group of three girls, officers of the Women's Royal Naval Service, sat together at a table, looking a little out of place, and self-conscious. Mona said: "That's what I'd like to be. Join the Wrens."

The other girl followed her glance. "You won't get a uniform like them. The ordinary uniform isn't half so nice as the officers'. I do think they look ever so smart."

Mona considered this. There was good sense in what Miriam had said. After all, it would be lovely if she got a job in the perfumery . . .

Miriam was still looking at the Wrens. "You see that one in the middle? That's Miss Hancock."

MONA looked idly across the room. "Who's she!"

"Her pa works in the dockyard, or used to do before the war. He was captain of the navigating school. They lived inside the gates, just this side of Admiralty House."

"How'd you know that?"

"My cousin Flora—she's in service with them. Before the war, I used to go and have tea in the kitchen. But they won't let you in the dockyard now, not without you've got a pass."

Mona was mildly interested. "What does an officer do, like that Miss Hancock?"

"I dunno what they do, I'm sure. She works in Admiralty House, along with the Commander-in-Chief, so Flora says."

Mona said: "They get all the good jobs, officers' daughters and that. I believe I'd like to try it in a shop, in the perfumery or something."

Her friend said generously: "Well, you might get in that. You make up ever so pretty, really you do."

Mona shot a brilliant smile at her. "You do talk soft." A very shy young pilot in the Fleet Air Arm saw it, and his heart turned over. But his grill was ready, and in any case he would have been far too shy to go and talk to the barmaid.

The evening wore on, not very busily. In the intervals of serving Mona's thoughts drifted more and more from beer; in the bitter aroma of the bar she savored all the perfumes of Arabia. There were ever so many different sorts of colors of lipstick and of powder; she did not know them all, but she could learn.

The bar closed at ten. At about a quarter to ten she saw a tall young Air Force officer come through the swing doors, dressed in a long, grey-blue overcoat and forage cap, with black hair and pink cheeks glowing with the sudden warmth of the room. She stared amazed. Jerry was up in Yorkshire, or so she had thought. He couldn't be back here again. But there he was.

He grinned at her across the room; she put a hand up to shoulder height and waved at him. Then he hung up his coat and came to her through the naval officers.

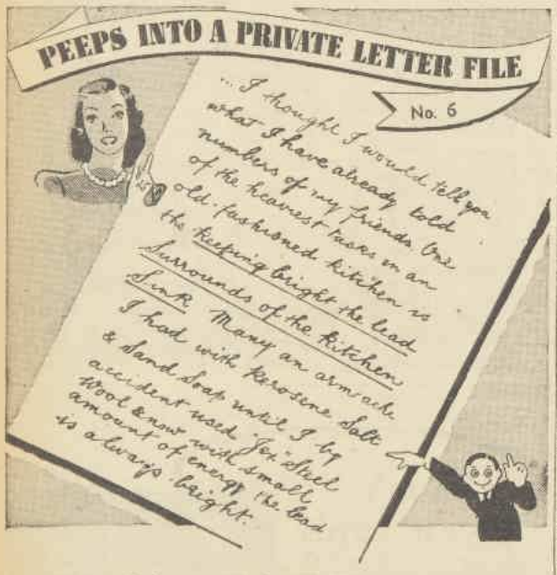
To be continued

Animal Antics

"We've given the best years of our life to this dizzy insomniac, and what do we get? . . . wheezed at!"

PEEPS INTO A PRIVATE LETTER FILE

No. 6



"JEX" is certainly a versatile cleaner! This letter—the sixth in the series, "Peeps Into A Private Letter File"—comes from a lady resident in Brighton, Victoria, and it describes yet another use for "JEX" Steel Wool. Women all over Australia write to us in the same enthusiastic strain, telling us that they are continually discovering new ways in which "JEX" can be of service. No wonder "JEX" is called THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES. . . . *Full instructions in the booklet with each packet.*

'Jex'

Obtainable everywhere for a FEW PENCE per Packet.

9 PADS IN EVERY PACKET

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK — use Jex

WAR ON FLIES

Flit is sure death to insects because it is a combination of potent killing agents which cannot be excelled. Flit has undergone the most exhaustive tests and is of known definite killing power. That's why you should always insist on Flit — and refuse all substitutes. Flit spray will not stain, and is harmless to humans. Be sure the soldier is on the bottle.

FLIT ALWAYS KILLS

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Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smoke, no injections, no atomizer. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40lbs., suffered coughing, choking, and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes . . 3/3, 6/3, and 12/6.

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The Homemaker

January 3, 1942 The Australian Women's Weekly 31

An old house made new

● Wellings, the century-old home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Thomas, of Woodside Avenue, Burwood, stands in two acres of garden. The house itself, allowed to fall into disrepair for many years, has been renovated by its new owners, and, while still retaining its original character and charm, has been made into a modern and delightful home.

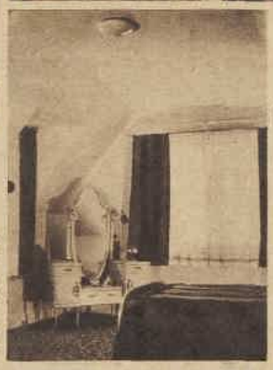
By OUR HOME DECORATOR

LOOKING through the archway of the big double lounge into the bow window, which was one of the additions to the house. Green-and-pink floral linen covers the big lounge and chairs, with green carpet, cream linen curtains, and cream wallpaper.

IN RENOVATING this graceful old home it has not lost one iota of its original charm. Standing in an old-fashioned garden, it retains its graciousness despite alterations. The addition of two bow windows and the extra wide verandah has been cleverly accomplished so as not to disturb the original symmetry of the design.

A POLISHED HANDRAIL and polished treads on the stairs retain the character of the old staircase, and it is modernised with cream woodwork.

ONE of the most interesting rooms in the house is the "sleep-out," which is the transformation of an attic room. Note the charming effect of the sloping roof.



ANOTHER ATTIC BEDROOM. Note the attractive attic windows and the sloping roof. The second window has been added by the architect and allows the sun to pour into the room. The color scheme throughout the room is green, cream, and grey. The walls and ceiling are papered in a cream satin-finished wallpaper.

THE KITCHEN is ultra-modern and electric, featuring fluorescent lighting over the sink.

WHEN Mrs. Thomas first saw Wellings she fell in love with the old home, despite the fact that the rooms were old-fashioned and small, and the kitchen and bathrooms hopelessly outmoded.

The exterior of the house has been left entirely, except for repairs and painting. The only alterations were the widening of the front verandah, on which a polished floor was laid, and the addition of two bow windows, but these have been carefully made so as not to destroy the character of the architecture.

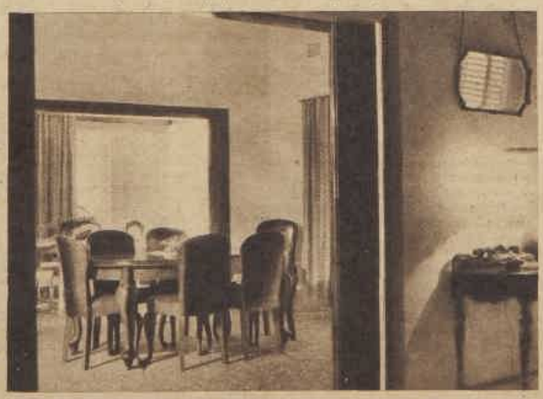
Downstairs in the house the main trouble was that the rooms, though high-ceilinged and cool, were all too small. This difficulty was overcome by knocking archways between two rooms, transforming the dining-room and lounge into one large room and using what was formerly the second bedroom as the dining-room, and its attendant balcony as a breakfast alcove.

In the main bedroom huge plate-glass windows overlooking the garden and tennis court add further light to this enormous high-ceilinged room.

But the triumph of the house lies in its use of attic space, which has been transformed into bedrooms for the children.

A modern bathroom and toilet have been built into what was formerly a boxroom.

This home is a triumphant combination of the antique and modern in house-planning. Old-World charm is leagued with modern lighting and windows and twentieth century streamlining.



THE DINING-ROOM and breakfast-room are sunny and airy, with green allover carpet and heavy green linen curtains.

You can follow the same beauty method as the world's loveliest women — Pond's Two Creams.

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from roughening by sun and wind.

Sold at all stores and chemists, in small and large jars, also tubes for the handbag. For economy, buy the large jar containing approximately 2½ times as much as the small jar.

FREE! *Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder, indicate shade wanted.*

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LIGHT CREAM	☐	NATURAL	☐	LIGHT NATURAL	☐

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Luncheon Dishes

● During the hot summer days you need a nourishing luncheon to keep up your flagging energy. The recipes on this page have been specially chosen for the mid-day meal because they are delectable enough to tempt the most capricious appetites, and best of all they are so easy to make.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

●

THE VEAL and ham pie looks just as tempting as it tastes, particularly when served with tomatoes filled with green peas and garnished with lettuce and parsley.

COLD meat or vegetable pies garnished with lettuce and tomatoes make ideal luncheon dishes, and, of course, there is the perennial salad, which always provides a colorful and piquant appetiser.

VEAL AND HAM PIE

Three-quarters pound of good shortcrust pastry, ½lb. cooked ham, 1½lbs. fillet of veal, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 1½ gills water or stock, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt and cayenne.

Cut veal into 1in. cubes and cover well with seasoned flour. Mince ham and cut hard-boiled eggs into slices. Roll pastry and with it line a loaf tin. Place alternate layers of meat, ham, egg, and parsley in the tin and season with lemon rind, salt and cayenne. Pour over stock and cover with remainder of pastry. Glaze top with egg and cook in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and continue cooking 1 hour. Serve cold in slices with salad greens.

GOOD SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Three-quarters pound plain flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 8oz. good beef dripping, squeeze lemon juice, cold water, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift together flour, salt, and baking powder. Cut in the dripping, then rub with tips of the fingers until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add lemon juice to cold water and mix pastry into a rather dry dough. Turn onto a lightly-floured board and roll as required.

PORK CROQUETTES WITH MINTED PEAS

Two cups pork sausage meat, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 egg-yolks, pinch herbs, seasoned flour, cayenne, egg glazing, breaderumbs, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, 1 cup mashed potato.

Mix together pork sausage meat, mashed potato, parsley, onion juice, herbs, pepper and egg-yolks. Melt and stir in butter and stir until correct consistency to mould. Divide into equal portions and shape with seasoned flour into croquette shapes. Dip in beaten egg and toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry a golden brown. Serve with minted peas and rich brown sauce.

CRABFLAKE SALAD

One and a half cups flaked crab or lobster, 1 cup cooked macaroni, ½ cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles, ½ dozen gherkins, 1 dessertspoon ketchup, 1 dessertspoon minced parsley, 1 tablespoon minced cucumber, lettuce cups, cress.

Mix together crab meat, macaroni and diced celery. Arrange in lettuce cups and pour over a dressing made by combining pickles, chopped gherkins, ketchup, parsley, and cucumber. Chill and serve garnished with cress.

GOLDEN MOUSSE

Two egg-yolks, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 jar cream (whipped), ¾ cup golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon orange juice.

Beat egg-yolks in a basin and pour over them very gradually the heated syrup. Return to saucepan and stir over a low gas until mixture thickens. Remove and add dissolved gelatine. Set aside until mixture cools and commences to thicken. Whip cream and add slowly to partly set mixture. Flavor with fruit juices and turn into a wetted mould. Chill until firm. Unmould and serve with orange slices and whipped cream.

FISH LUNCHEON SALAD

Four fillets of whiting or small bream, ½ pint white sauce, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 gherkins, 2 tomatoes, lettuce, grated cheese, lemon, cucumber, parsley.

Carefully steam fillets of fish, and allow to become quite cold. Make melted butter sauce, add dissolved gelatine, and coat each portion of fish with sauce. Down centre of each fillet arrange strips of tomato and gherkin. Chill until sauce is firm. Trim the edges and arrange on crisp lettuce. Cut tomatoes in halves, scoop out a little of the centre of each, and fill with grated cheese. Garnish with slices of cucumber and lemon wedges, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

BLACKBERRY FLUMMERY

One tablespoon flour, 1 cup cooked blackberries, 1½ cups blackberry syrup, 1 tablespoon gelatine, rind and juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon.

Blend flour with a little cold syrup. Soak gelatine in remainder, then combine with blended flour, and stir until boiling. Boil 3 minutes. Allow to cool. Whisk until mixture begins to set. Add blackberries, and chill until set. Serve in individual glasses with whipped cream or iced custard.

LIVER LOAF

One lamb's fry, ½lb. salted pork, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt and cayenne.

Remove skin from fry, cover with boiling water, and stand aside 10 minutes. Drain and dry.

Mince pork and liver together, combine with breadcrumbs, parsley, onion, salt and pepper, and use sufficient of well-beaten egg to bind. Turn into a well-greased loaf tin, and bake in a moderately hot oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Chill, and serve with salad greens.

WHOLEMEAL NUT RING

Two cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup butter, salt, 1 cup milk, ½lb. raisins or dates, 1oz. peanuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk and flour, and lastly fruit. Place in a well-greased ring tin, and bake in a hot oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Reduce heat to 350 deg. F. and cook for a further ½ hour. Turn out, and while still hot brush with egg-white, and sprinkle lightly with chopped peanuts.

LUNCHEON BRAWN

One pig's cheek, 1 knuckle of veal, 1 pint of stock, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar, salad greens.

Soak pig's cheek for ½ hour in tepid water. Place in a saucepan with the knuckle of veal. Cover with stock and simmer gently until tender. Remove meat from bone. Mince the veal and pork together and strain the stock. Dissolve the gelatine in a little hot water and add to the stock. Flavor with vinegar and add minced meat. Pack into a wetted mould and chill until firm. Unmould and serve with salad greens.

MOULDED SALMON

Two cups salmon, ½ tablespoon salt, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon mustard, few grains cayenne, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ tablespoons melted butter, ¾ cup milk, ½ cup vinegar, ¾ tablespoon granulated gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water.

Rinse salmon thoroughly with hot water and separate in flakes. Mix dry ingredients, add egg-yolks, butter, milk, and vinegar. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add soaked gelatine. Strain and add to salmon. Fill moulds and chill.

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BEAUTY HINTS FOR HOLIDAYS

LARAINE DAY, MGM star, dons trim shorts and vivid sweater-blouse for a brisk game of badminton. To prevent sunburn she first massages a sunproof cream into her skin, then a foundation lotion, and finally a dusting of powder.

RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia glamor-girl, enhances her tiny waist with a bare midrif swimsuit. To keep her figure slim and supple, Rita does an energetic ten-minute exercise routine every morning, and has a large glass of fruit juice instead of morning and afternoon tea.

PHYLLIS BROOKS, shapely RKO actress, is a healthy contender to the sun's brightness. This youthful star chooses swimming as her favorite way to keep fit, but she delights also in luxurious sunbaths between work-outs in her fresh-water pool. She protects her skin with a generous application of suntan oil.

Do's and don'ts for the outdoor girl

By Janette

EXPERIMENT with the new shiny make-up, and before going onto the beach massage your face thoroughly with a good suntan oil and then apply moist rouge and lipstick. Very fetching and marvellous for your skin.

- If it rains don't sit at home and sulk. Don your raincoat, forget your umbrella, and go out for a long walk. It is the cheapest and best of beautifiers.
- Before putting on your bathing cap, set your hair carefully and spray with brilliantine to make it waterproof.
- When going hiking, treat your feet to a spray with eau-de-Cologne or methylated spirit and lots of talc. Rub heels with a piece of damp soap to prevent blisters.
- Don't forget dark glasses when you're out in the sun. They protect the eyes from strain and prevent those tiny wrinkles which form when the eyes are continually puckered.

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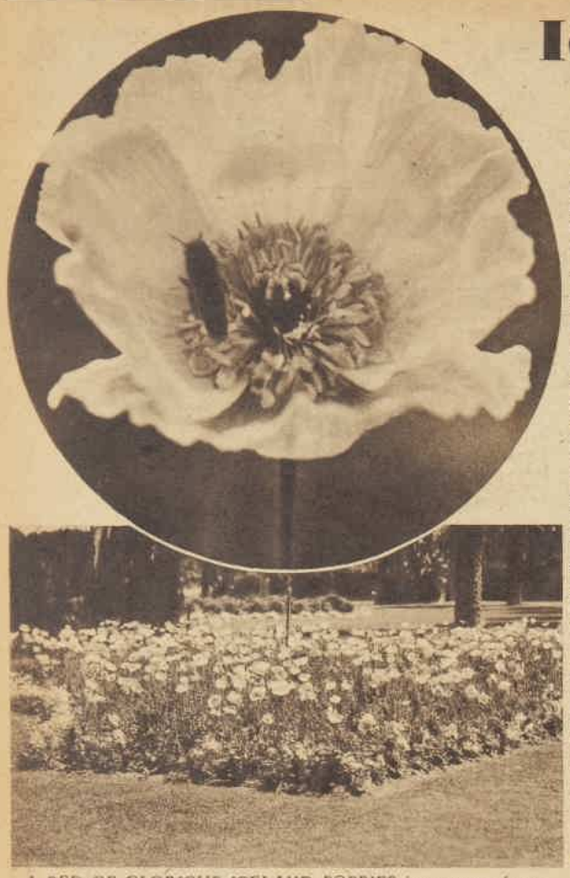
ICELAND or ARCTIC POPPIES

OF all the flowers provided by nature, probably none has proved more adaptable to the garden than the Iceland poppy.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.



A BED OF GLORIOUS ICELAND POPPIES in a range of eye-catching shades ranging from softest pastels to deep orange. The photo above shows a close-up of this graceful flower.

THIS graceful flower, which is a true perennial in its home island, rarely lives more than three years in our climate, which is no source for wonder, seeing that it comes from the Arctic regions.

That it grows at all here is really remarkable, and proves what a wonderful provider nature really is. In recent years, however, Australian gardeners have done more to improve this colorful flower than those of any other country.

We have the wonderful Sunray, Sunbeam, Coonara Pink, Gartref, Girrahween, Grendon, and Excelsior varieties, each possessing some characteristic distinct from the other. Some are tall, others medium-stemmed. The petals of some are deeply crinkled, others almost smooth, some have flooms measuring 6 to 7 inches across, and others have two or more distinct colors in the petals.

Probably the fact that they can be induced to flower in winter and early spring, when other flowers are scarce, has popularised this lovely flower, but its usefulness does not end there, for if seed is sown at varying periods it can be relied upon to flower almost the year round in suitable districts.

Towards the end of December is regarded as the best time of the year for sowing seed, and when gardeners are looking for a variety of real merit they should not overlook the most beautiful of all, the Sunray Iceland poppy.

Sunray poppies are noted for their strength and length of stem, which often measures 3ft., for their immense blooms, and the enormous range of colors.

While these poppies can be grown in almost any kind of soil, they adapt themselves chiefly to rich, light loam, and when afforded such ground flower for many months.

The seedbox soil should be finely sieved and contain some leafmould or old turf soil; anything, in fact, that will prevent crusting of the surface after watering.

Sowing the seeds

THE seeds, being very small, should be sown lightly on the surface and merely covered by a sprinkling of sand and leafmould in equal parts. The soil should be firm before sowing, and then after covering the seed should be firmed again with a piece of flat wood.

The seeds should then be lightly watered and placed in a very shady spot to germinate. Once the plants peep through they should be gradually exposed to light until they are big enough to handle.

Pricking them out into richer soil tends to make their roots longer and the plants sturdier, and when they have reached about 2in. high they should be hardened off and transplanted to permanent positions in the garden.

A showery or very cloudy day after rain is the best time for this job, for the plants will then root quickly and not wilt. Hot, sunny days should be avoided, as the plants are very frail when small, and wilt quickly if allowed to become thirsty.

Crown or root rot and spotted wilt are the worst diseases of the Iceland poppy, and a close watch should be kept for these troubles.

Crown rot causes yellowing of the foliage and early death. The plants usually break off at the roots at the slightest touch. Saturating the plants with 1 part of corrosive sublimate to 1000 parts of water is advised as a precautionary measure, for the trouble is incurable.

Spotted wilt appears usually in the form of brown to yellow spots on the leaves. The plants become bunched, the stems twist, and the buds become malformed and rarely open. This disease is due to a virus, and incurable.

"Medico" Tells You What to do

About DEFEATING THE HEAT

PATIENT: It's not the heat it's the humidity, doctor, that takes so much out of one. This sticky weather makes me feel as tired and limp as a washed out rag!

DOCTOR: First, let me say that it is the heat, and that it is the humidity. It is the combination which makes us uncomfortable.

Nature has provided our bodies with cooling systems of about two million sweat glands. Even in winter, when we do not seem to perspire at all, we have what is called "insensible" perspiration and our skins give up to the air by evaporation nearly a quart of perspiration every 24 hours.

If we exercise briskly enough or become very embarrassed, or if the atmosphere about us is heated to a temperature that is high enough, visible perspiration breaks out on our skins. This happens because our skins are trying to keep our body temperatures down to normal. The perspiration has been poured out so rapidly that it cannot all evaporate with sufficient rapidity and so some of it remains visible.

Perspiration is practically all water, and when it evaporates it has a cooling effect on the surface of the body. It works in the same way that evaporating water on the surface of the water-cooler lowers the temperature of the water.

In this way we are kept comfortably cool quite efficiently on hot days. That is, we are cooled comfortably unless the air is already well loaded with water vapor. But on sultry days the air is nearly saturated with moisture and cannot easily take up the water from our skins. And so we do not lose as much heat from our bodies as we would if the air were dry. We "feel the heat" more, have perspiration dripping from us, and blame the humidity.

Actually, we ourselves are quite often to blame. A high humidity lessens the rate of evaporation of moisture from the skin. But we can hasten evaporation—in spite of this—by making more air pass over our skin. That's what happens when we fan ourselves—or sit in a breeze—and we like it.

Yet many of us insist on preventing this evaporation. Yes, I am referring to our clothes! Many of us wear thick, close-fitting garments, which prevent the free circulation of air over our skins. Take man's conventional garb, for instance. About seven thicknesses of material wound tightly round his neck in the form of a collar and tie; a similar tight band at his waist thus air-proofing his shoulders and chest quite effectively.

Over this must go snugly tailored vest and coat, while his legs are encased in long woollen trousers. What chance has his body's cooling system of working effectively? Yet he blames the humidity for his discomfort.

One thing this war has done for Australia is to make us realise that men's clothes can be adapted to suit our climate. What could be more suitable for the Australian summer than the khaki shorts, short-sleeved shirt, and long cotton socks the men of our fighting forces have found so comfortable? Moreover, these clothes can be easily laundered and frequently changed.

Women on the whole have adapted their clothes very wisely. But still the aim should be lighter clothes, looser clothes, comfortable shoes, and shady hats.

Life, in an Australian summer, is very largely what you make it.

The food that Ends
CONSTIPATION
in one week!

If you are over 35, and relying on harsh purgatives to keep you regular, you should know these home truths about purging! This habit of shocking your bowels into action may be doing you serious injury. Over 75% of cases of a severe type of illness in people over 35 are said to be caused by the over-use of harsh purgatives.

Lack of "bulk" causes constipation.

The one safe way to end constipation is by getting at the *cause* of your trouble. Nine out of ten times, the cause of constipation is lack of "bulk". Our modern, over-refined meals usually have the "bulk" cooked out of them.

Here's concentrated "bulk".

Fortunately, there's a pleasant way to get that vital "bulk" into your diet. Start off each morning with Kellogg's All-Bran. This specially prepared, nut-sweet breakfast food gives you *concentrated* "bulk". It forms a soft mass in the intestinal tract . . . where it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The bowel muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast each morning (served with milk and sugar), and *inside a week* you'll be enjoying healthy regularity. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away!

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The safe use of sunshine

WE know now many of the recently-discovered scientific facts about sunlight. We know that the sun's rays, as well as being life-giving to all plant and animal life, are curative in many diseases.

Most of us in Australia are inclined to be sun-worshippers, as any visitor to our beaches would discover!

However, there is sometimes a danger in the **wrong** use of sunshine, so that if we wish to get the full benefits of the sun's rays for our babies and toddlers we should know something of the correct way to make the best use of this beneficent gift of nature to us.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4722543

Prize recipes for your collection

● The recipe that carries off first prize this week has much to commend it. Easily made, economical, this veal loaf can be made on a Saturday, served ice-cold on Sunday with crisp greens and currant jelly.

ALL the others are good. Chosen with care from the hundreds received they will prove a boon to the busy homemaker.

Now send your home-tested favorite. It may win you a prize. Every week we give £1/-/- for the best recipe received and 2/6 each for all others published.

COLD VEAL LOAF AU GRATIN

Two cups raw veal, chopped finely, 1 cup cold cooked ham, chopped finely, 2 cups breadcrumbs moistened with ½ cup hot water, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ teaspoon celery salt, 1 cup cooked macaroni, 3 eggs, 1 onion, chopped, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Combine all ingredients, press firmly into a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour. During the baking baste two or three times with three or four tablespoons of milk or cover with strips of bacon and do not baste. When cooked remove from oven and let stand until thoroughly cold before removing from tin. Slice and serve with currant jelly and a green salad.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. J. Douglas, Nutgrove, Cooyar Line, Qld.

MERINGUE JELLY RHUBARB

Stew a few sticks of rhubarb, being careful to keep it whole. Cool, strain off juice, and put rhubarb in a glass dish. Dissolve a pint packet of strawberry jelly in hot water, making it up to the pint with the rhubarb juice. Leave until cold, but not set. Whisk the white of 1 egg to a stiff froth, add to jelly, and whisk together. Pour over the rhubarb and leave to set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Barnes, 33 Margaret St., Walkerville, S.A.

BANANA CHEESE CAKES

Shortcrust, 3 or 4 bananas, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, ½ teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar and beat well with egg-yolk. Peel and mash bananas, add to the rest, stir in baking powder and beat well. Line some patty tins with thinly-rolled short pastry and fill each with banana mixture. Bake in quick oven till pastry is brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. J. Wilson, Victoria Point, via Cleveland, Qld.

GOLDEN GLORIES

Six slices drained pineapple, 6 pork sausages, 1 beaten egg, grated cheese, breadcrumbs.

With well-floured hands shape and pat each sausage (skinned) into round flat rissoles; fry a light brown. Drain and keep hot. Drain and wipe dry pineapple slices, dip in egg, roll in grated cheese and crumbs mixed (pat these on well with a knife) and fry in same fat sausages were cooked in. When a golden brown drain and make gravy with contents of the pan. Serve very hot, a rissole on top of each pineapple slice. Garnish with chopped parsley. For a change in flavor try dipping rings in crushed gingerbread crumbs in place of cheese and breadcrumbs, and add a pinch of ground ginger to the gravy when making it.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Malm, 308 George St., Sydney.

RASPBERRY MARSHMALLOW SHORT TART

Shortcrust: Three tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg. Sift in flour and salt, mixed well. Press into tart plate and bake in a moderate oven till pale biscuit color.

Spread with raspberry jam and cover with marshmallow, made with 1 cup boiling milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon essence, 1oz. gelatine softened in 1 tablespoon water. Add gelatine to milk, sugar, and essence. Cool and whisk well. Spread over jam and dust with nutmeg and coconut. Crushed sweetened strawberries may be used instead of jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. Ling, 29 Warne St., Wellington, N.S.W.

JEWISH PUDDING

Take about ⅔ of small loaf (2lb.), cut off all crusts, cover with cold water, allow to stand overnight. Carefully squeeze out all water.

Quarter-pound raisins, ¼lb. sultanas, ¼lb. Jordan almonds, ½ packet mixed spice, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar.

Beat bread, add sugar, milk, and eggs. Mix thoroughly, then add fruit and nuts. Butter piedish, pour in mixture, cover top with small pieces butter and almonds. Bake in slow oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Florence McConnell, 98 Cochrane St., Garden Vale, Vic.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHEN placing your flowers in water, remove all leaves from the lower part of stems. In summer, particularly, they rapidly deteriorate and putrefy the water. Miss Precious Minutes says, too, that water should be changed daily. And don't arrange the flowers haphazardly. Artistry can do much with little, as instance Brenda Joyce, 20th Century-Fox player, shown above. In this bowl she achieves satisfying results with a few roses, statice, and small branches from the lemon tree.

TOPSY-TURVY CAKE

Grease a deep sandwich tin, and put in 2 tablespoons melted butter. Mix thoroughly the following: ½ cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts, and ½ cup light brown sugar. Put this mixture in cake tin on top of melted butter. Then, in a mixing bowl, put ½ cup light brown sugar and 1 egg. Beat well, then add 2 tablespoons melted butter, a little vanilla essence, ¼-½ cup of milk, 1 cup self-raising flour. Pour this on top of mixture in sandwich tin, and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out and garnish bottom of cake with whipped cream and chopped walnuts when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. B. Becke, 346 Park Rd., Centennial Park, Sydney.

BANANA CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, pinch of salt, 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 3 bananas, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add mashed bananas (put through sieve), eggs, flour, and baking powder alternately with milk and soda. Bake in square tin for one hour.

Icing: ½lb. icing sugar, 4 teaspoons butter, 4 teaspoons condensed milk, a few drops of coffee essence, and then rum to taste.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Paula Hereward, Market St., Boorowa, N.S.W.

IF forks and spoons are stained with eggs—or any other stain—put them in the water in which eggs have been boiled. This will quickly remove the stain.

* * *

SMEAR a little vaseline over the ebony back of brushes before washing. This protects the back from the water and improves the color of the ebony.

* * *

GRAPEFRUIT rinds act as a cleaning and bleaching agent. Rub the inside of rind over the hands after washing them.

* * *

ATTACH a piece of oil baize firmly to the wire mattress of your bed. This acts as a great protection to the mattress itself, especially if the wire is inclined to rust. You'll also find it much easier to turn the mattress.

* * *

IF your window sticks, pour a little hot, melted lard between the window frames and casing, also on the roller and rope, then, with a little pushing, the window will open.

* * *

IF wine has been spilt on your tablecloth, sprinkle at once with powered starch and leave for two hours. Shake the powder off, wash in cold water, and the stain will disappear.

ARISTOCRATIC LEGS . . . .

All the smartness and luxury of sheer stockings in a smooth cream! Apply it in two minutes . . . draw the pencilled "seam-line" . . . and only touch will reveal the illusion! A Cyclax product and the best you can buy. Price 5/- per jar, with pencil (sufficient for one month). In three Tan shades and Grey.

Cyclax OF LONDON

'STOCKINGLESS' (Registered Trade Mark) CREAM

SYDNEY: Farmer & Company, Anthony Hordern's & MELBOURNE & ADELAIDE: The Myer Emporiums and at other First-Class Stores throughout Australia.

Sketching is the hobby that pays!

Would YOU like to take a Staff Position or open your own Studio and sell Sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever your age, wherever you live, whether you have had little or no previous Training, STOTT'S can train you for this delightful and Lucrative Profession, in your own home.

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SPECIAL

I'M ON MY WAY FOR RINSO. I'D NEVER GET OUR WHITES SO BREEZY-BRIGHT WITHOUT ITS LIVELY SUDS!

IT'S JUST AS GOOD FOR SILKS AND COLOUREDS. WITH RINSO THEY STAY PRETTY AGES LONGER

I USE RINSO FOR WASHING-UP AS WELL. IT FLOATS OFF GREASE AND FOOD PARTICLES IN A JIFFY!

Rinso GIVES THICKER RICHER SUDS

RINSO IN 2 SIZES Buy the Giant packet and save money

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A LEVER PRODUCT

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Cream

ODO-RO-NO

Stops

PERSPIRATION

- Will not irritate the skin
- Will not stain clothes
- Will not harm fabrics
- Non-gritty, non-greasy
- QUICK TO USE

1/1 and 2/1

End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, Etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 75 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Rex. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/2, 8/4

This is a GUARANTEED Remedy Cystex for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Reverse Action

Continued from page 8

IN the foyer of the theatre Eddie builds a Pullman section, with upper and lower berths, and he hires a beautiful girl to dress and undress, showing the correct way to do it on a train: Ten times a day—twelve on Saturday and Sunday—she is taking off the clothes and putting them back on again.

"Death Train" does a terrific business. But why are they going in? To see the picture? Does anyone care who knocked off the old lady in Lower Ten? Of course not. They're standing around in the foyer. You wouldn't find a better strip in burlesque. But it's refined; it's got class. It's educational. Even the girl scouts endorse it. We run children's matinees.

"Eddie," I say, "I apologise. They have you wrong. You're really giving out with the ideas. To-night we'll have dinner and talk over some more."

"Sammy," he says, "not to-night. I'm booked up solid. It's the big moment. I've got business with a certain little person around the corner."

"You mean," I say, "that you're actually getting somewhere when experts have failed?"

"Sammy," he says, "I wouldn't lie to you. I've really got the combination at last."

So it seems he's been in there day and night, slowly turning to sugar, and getting nothing but a coated tongue and spots before the eyes, when he suddenly tumbles to the fact she's studying dietetics on the side. Her ambition is to run a tearoom for guys with chopped-spinach constitutions, looking for a place where they can run in and nibble a carrot.

"I found out," he says, "that she's crazy for ulcers. So what do I come down with suddenly but a severe case of ulcers. In fact, I groan so loud I sometimes even scare myself. She's worried. I'm not living right. I'm not eating right. I must start taking care of myself.

"She's got me on a diet—no more candy, and what a relief!—and tonight I'm spearing a couple of boiled puddings over at her apartment."

The next morning he is walking around on the ceiling.

"Sammy," he says, "you wouldn't believe it. I walk into the joint at eight sharp, and Boom!—it's strictly a picture set. The table is set for two, and with candlelight! She's positively gorgeous in a fluffy little apron and—— Sammy, what's she doing outside of pictures? Compared to her, most of these Hollywood stars are utter flops. I look around and I tell myself, 'It's a lie! It couldn't happen to me!'

"And what she dishes up is right out of this world. She can cook even better than she looks, which don't seem possible."

"So what happened?" I say.

"Wait a minute!" he says. "Take it easy. What do you mean, 'So what happened?' This is a marvellous girl, Sammy, but nice. We sat around and talked. That's what happened."

"What did you talk about?"

"At first about ulcers, and then we got into the picture business. I gave her a couple of my routines about what's wrong with pictures, and her eyes hung out on her cheekbones. She said she never realised before I'm such an intelligent fellow. She said I'm right, and she said stick to it."

"When they start admiring your mind, chum," I say, "you're in trouble."

"Listen, Sammy," he says. "Last night I was talking to a customer. I was getting the real inside. Multiply her by fifty million and you've got some idea of what goes on. It's just like I've been saying for years—the trouble with pictures is we've got the same old stories, the same old situations, and gags which died with vaudeville. We've got to start getting a few twists into the material.

"As an instance, for twenty-five years the United States cavalry has always got there in the nick of time to save the heroine from a fate worse than death. Isn't it about time somebody made a picture where they took the wrong road? How long are we going to wait before the Royal Canadian Mounted Police comes back without its man? And how about the understudy who got her big chance and didn't make good?

"The way it is now, the public is guessing them as fast as we flash the title. It isn't any pleasure going to pictures when you know more about what is going to happen than the actors do."

I ought to have seen then I was headed for grief. Eddie suddenly began to put the twist on everything. Everything went into reverse action.

First, we get a great Civil War picture called "Boys in Blue," and

DESIGNED by Condor, this dainty floral cap is made of pale pink hyacinths. A pale green satin bow set into the flowers holds the flowing green gossamer veil that falls nearly to the waist at the back.

New York wants us to dig up all veterans we can find who shook hands with Lincoln, or who maybe only think they shook hands with Lincoln—who cares? It isn't good enough for Eddie. Over my dead body he digs up a veteran, introduces him to the papers as positively the only living Civil War veteran who never even saw Lincoln.

It's a twist, sure, and it gets quite a little space. But does it fill up the theatres? Of course not.

So we got a film called "Golden Wedding," and New York wants us to round up all the couples we can find who have done a fifty-year stretch, and pass them into the theatre free. When they come out, we have the newspaper boys handy for an interview. The folks tell how they made their marriage stick, and slip in a quiet plug for the picture—we hope. It's a natural, but Eddie wants no part in it.

I'm out of town when he inserts an advertisement in the local sheets offering free admission to all couples, no matter how long they are married, who will admit right out in public they wouldn't do it again on a bet. So what happens?

The ministerial association adopts a resolution we are attacking the sanctity of marriage, and they slap a ban on the picture.

I get Eddie quick into my office.

"From now on," I say, "no more in reverse and no ideas. That's official."

So comes a picture by the name of "Bells on Her Toes," which they made when nobody was looking. It's so terrible, when I screen it I close my eyes and see exhibitors all over my territory kissing their wives good-bye and jumping out the nearest window.

"Sammy," Eddie says, "we've got a great little piece of merchandise there."

"This is no time for laughs," I say. "Take off, please, the hat. We've just seen the death of the whole picture business."

"Get this, Sammy," he says. "We'll advertise it as positively the worst picture ever to come out of Hollywood. We'll run an essay contest with prizes for the best suggestion as to how it could possibly be worse."

"Eddie," I say, "go away. You bother me. I'm still having trouble enough with 'Boys in Blue' and 'Golden Wedding.' Tell it to the girl friend around the corner, but leave me alone."

So behind my back he sells the idea to Swanson of the Tenth Avenue. Swanson—he should know better—takes out a quarter page in all the papers and covers the town with one-sheets that "Bells on Her Toes" is the super-dud of all time, and to come down quick and compete for a prize.

Three days later my checker comes back from the Tenth Avenue box office and reports the doorman has been arrested for loitering, and the house manager for having no visible means of support. The public figured it was worth the prize money to stay away.

So comes this picture, "Cinderella Takes a Bow," the greatest picture Klein has produced since his last one, and all over the country they are doing something special in exploitation. We get a look at it a month before it opens, and it's a mortgage-lifter.

What a finish! I'm choking up with emotion myself when the prince comes down the street with thirty elephants, a hundred dancing girls, and two regiments of hussars singing like Nelson Eddy, and stops at Cinderella's second-floor back to try on the glass slipper for size. What a punch, that scene where Cinderella, with tears in her eyes, says: "I've waited so long, so long! Oh, prince!"

All around me in the screening room they've got their handkerchiefs out. And when they get that final shot of the American flag—Old Glory — fluttering in the breeze, they stand up and holler. Everyone but Eddie. He looks pained.

"There's only one thing he left out of the picture," he says. "Klein forgot to put in the Pacific fleet passing in review."

From the home office we get a gorgeous campaign to put "Cinderella" over. Every exchange is supposed to dig up a Cinderella, give her the very best — clothes, flowers, beauty shops and a suite in the finest hotel. At the end of Cinderella Week, all the Cinderellas compete for a part in Klein's next picture. So I call Eddie in and tell him quick to find us a Cinderella.

"Look, Eddie," I say, "I don't want professional actors, but a genuine, first-class Cinderella the public will love. For twenty-five dollars a week I could hire Cinderellas all over town, but this one has got to be the real thing, with braids hanging down the back."

"Where are you going to find a girl these days with braids hanging down the back?" he asks. "At a rummage sale?"

"Am I going to have trouble with you?" I say.

"No, Sammy," he says, "but you're making a great mistake. You're kicking away the opportunity of a lifetime. Cinderella gags are a dime a dozen. New York wants a Cinderella, so what? So we give them a Cinderella, only in reverse. Look, Sammy, this Cinderella of ours doesn't like anything. We give her the best, and she doesn't want any of it.

"Get this for a situation: Cinderella walks into the royal suite, she looks around, and she says——"

"Eddie," I say, "comes one more double cross, and it's too bad. New York wants it this way, and this is the way we're going to do it."

So, while he's looking for a Cinderella, I'm making a high pitch with the Hotel Cosmopolitan to give her the best for free, in return for publicity. I also line up the beauty shops, the department stores and the florists; we don't have to pay for anything.

"How are you coming with the Cinderella?" I ask Eddie. It's a couple of days later.

Please turn to page 38

LUX

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STOP SURFERS' ITCH (TINEA)

Rexona's SIX special healing medicaments prevent infection and quickly correct skin troubles. Get a tin today.

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In the green triangular tin (3 times the quantity 3/2)

O.22.32

Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.***

BOVRIL is the Power of Beef

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO.

Essential to hair health!

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write B. G. Turnley & Son, 266 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F2204

F2204.—Comfortable and smartly tailored playsuit for the outdoor girl. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1725.—Spotted frock garnished with tiny scalloped edging and featuring skirt with front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2206.—Cool, summery style with full skirt and quaint pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3277.—Trim, high-waisted style done in brilliant floral. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds. and ⅜yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2205.—For tiny tots—a dainty style with fullness falling from a tiny yoke. 1 to 4 years. Requires 1⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3015.—Stunningly tailored overalls and contrasting blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¼yds. for overalls and 1¾yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2876.—Effective evening gown with unusual draped neckline and sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

Please Note!

*TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.*

F3277

F2205

F3015

F1725

F2206

F2876

Special Concession Pattern

EXQUISITE LINGERIE SET, SIZES 32, 34, 36-INCH BUSTS.

No. 1 requires 3¼yds., 36ins. wide, and 4½yds. lace.
No. 2 requires 1¼yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. lace.
No. 3 requires 2¼yds., 36ins. wide, and 3½yds. lace.

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Fun's Good For You

In these days when so many vitamins and stimulants can be concentrated for your good, have you ever wondered that no one has concentrated on laughter? But perhaps someone has! What of the author who puts laughter into a book? And to-day, when laughter is at a premium, a comedy-book has arrived, and it's a good one.

PUT IT ON PAPER, by Cole Turnley, who is a young Australian. (The grandson, by the way, of yesterday's famous laughter-maker, E. W. Cole, founder of Melbourne's late Book Arcade, whose rainbow-covered Funny Picture Book is still Australia's best seller after 70 years of success.) Cole Turnley is now in khaki, but his novel, **PUT IT ON PAPER**, is not concerned with war.

On the contrary, its riotous plot, human characters, and its scintillating dialogue provide a diversion from to-day's grim realities which will be welcomed by every book-lover.

The story concerns a reckless young car salesman who desires to become a commercial artist, and tells in a series of priceless situations how he achieves this end and falls in love with a delirious young blonde.

Fun and games, laughter and suspense, with, surprisingly enough, a well-sustained undercurrent of reality. It's the sort of thing that'll make you say to your friends, "I'm reading a wag of a book. You must GET it!"

PUT IT ON PAPER, by Cole Turnley. E. W. Cole, Publisher, McEwan House, 315 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE, C.1.***

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if he is listless, won't eat or is out of sorts — start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powders. He will soon be lively and eating with his old healthy appetite. BARKO tones up a dog's whole system and benefits his coat.

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Reverse Action

Continued from page 36

alone and see what happens to the grosses."

"Eddie," I say, "I won't be around, myself, to see what happens to the grosses. Old Man Klein is reading all the papers."

"Sammy," he says, "I'm sorry. I really am. But I can't do anything with her. I got you into this and I'll try to get you out. I'll stick with the gag until it's over, salary or not. But the trouble is when I give her an argument, and all she says is that I was right in the first place, but I didn't have the courage to go through with it. She's supplying the courage."

What can I do? Can I kick her out of the hotel? Do I want to read in all the papers: "Cinderella Gets the Bounce?"

So he argues with the Cinderella to act like a white man, and this is what we get in the papers the next day:

CINDERELLA TELLS OFF CHEF

One-Week Glamor Girl Mortally Wounds Cosmopolitan's Famous Mr. Charles Chanteur. Visit to Hotel Kitchen is Riot.

Joyce McIlroy, the Cinderella girl, spoke her mind yesterday on the subject of French cuisine.

She doesn't like it. She delivered a lively dissertation on rich sauces yesterday in the kitchen of the Hotel Cosmopolitan when she was introduced to Charles Chanteur, Cosmopolitan's world-famous chef de cuisine.

Mr. Chanteur was pained. Miss McIlroy tasted Mr. Chanteur's Sauce Mornay and made a wry face. Photographers preserved the scene for posterity.

"It's only," said Miss McIlroy, "that I think the simple, old-fashioned dishes are best."

Impulsively, she offered to demonstrate what she meant. With the Press tagging at her heels—and Eddie Burdick, Sensational Films' hired man in an apoplectic state—she visited the corner grocery, picked up a basketful of edibles, returned to her suite, and prepared in the kitchenette a simple supper. It was probably the first time that particular kitchenette had ever been so used. And what a meal it was, too . . .

And the evening papers—my head should be in a basket—give out with this:

CINDERELLA TURNS SEVEREST CRITIC

Attends Private Screening of Film She's Supposed to Plug and Finds Celluloid Cinderella is Nothing But a Phony.

So who calls from the airport the next day—where he has just flown in from Hollywood—but B. F. Klein! He's not satisfied to fire me by telegraph or by telephone, he's got to do it in person.

When I go down to pick him up, he's knee-deep in papers, speechless with jumping up and down.

"I can explain it, Mr. Klein," I say.

"Save later the talk," he says. "I am going personally to the hotel to kick that scoundrel out."

"I fired him yesterday," I say.

"I'm speaking strictly of the Cinderella," he says.

"I'll tell you how it was," I say. "I asked New York for a——"

So we're going uptown, we're passing the Central, it's eight o'clock in the morning, and there's two thousand people standing on the sidewalk outside, waiting to get into the joint. The Cinderella picture is opening in a minute. Even I wouldn't believe it.

Comes nine o'clock, comes ten o'clock; Klein is personally checking the gate and taking bows from everyone.

Comes eleven o'clock; they have to call on the police department to handle the crowd.

"Now," he says, "we go see the Cinderella."

We stand outside in the hall and get a whiff of that cooking.

"What goes on?" he says. "Sensational hasn't enough money, we can't afford to give the Cinderella room service?"

"She's queer for diets," I say. "All the time she spends cooking for ulcers."

"Who's got ulcers?" he says.

"That double-crosser, that Eddie Burdick," I say.

But Klein is in the joint peering into a pot.

"What makes here?" he says.

"Oh that!" she laughs. "I sort of promised the newspaper boys I'd give them old-fashioned pot roast and dumplings."

"It's good for ulcers?"

"It wouldn't hurt anyone" she says.

"My dear," he says, "you ought to be in pictures."

Eddie Burdick walks in. He looks at Klein. Klein looks at him.

"You're wrong," says Klein. "It was the ace of spades."

They're both in Hollywood. Eddie is terrific. He's doing a picture right now called "Better Never Than Late," and it's about the United States cavalry taking the wrong road. And the Cinderella girl she's strictly Mrs. Of course she's in pictures. She's running the studio commissary, so she can personally cook Mr. Klein's lunch every day.

(Copyright)

"I HOPE you realise," he says, "that you can't just walk up to a girl on the street and ask if her old lady beats her and if her sisters won't let her go to dances."

So he keeps giving me routines. I didn't know it then, but he was only stalling for time. Our Cinderella gag is scheduled to start the day after I'm suddenly called out of town. And we still haven't got a Cinderella.

"You get a Cinderella somewhere to-night," I tell him, "or don't bother to come around again. I got it confidentially in a letter this morning from the studio that Old Man Klein is personally reading all the papers and checking on the campaigns."

So what happens? I come home two nights later, and on page 1 of the "News" I get this:

CINDERELLA IS APPALLED

Says No Hotel Suite Worth 40 Dollars a Day.

Nearly Faints When She Learns Dinner a la Room Service Costs 2.50 dollars Per Copy.

So I read on further, and it gets worse:

Pretty Miss Joyce McIlroy, twenty-year-old salesgirl in a Film Row candy shop, arrived at the Hotel Cosmopolitan yesterday in tow of Sensational Films' high-pressure flack, Eddie Burdick, for a slightly colossal week as a Cinderella girl and an opportunity to compete for a part in a forthcoming flicker.

Miss McIlroy, who aspires some day to operate a tearoom, did not react to her surroundings in the conventional Cinderella manner.

She ventured the criticism that the Cosmopolitan is grossly overfurnished and that "there's entirely too much swank for a person's comfort, don't you think?" She also declared that she could duplicate for probably not more than forty-eight cents a person the ten-course two and a half dollars snack which was served in her suite for Burdick, herself, and us lucky members of the working Press.

Burdick seemed stunned by the Cinderella girl's opening remarks anent the furnishings and the food, and said: "Don't pay any attention, fellows. She's only kidding." The Cinderella girl, however, corrected him, "I'm only saying exactly what I think," she said.

The flack regained his usual buoyancy later in the evening, however, after he had sampled a bottle of champagne which the hotel management sent up to Miss McIlroy, and which she turned down for a glass of tomato juice.

Burdick entertained the Cinderella girl by crawling about on his hands and knees and barking, in simulation of the leading character in one of his company's latest dog pictures, "Rover of the North Woods," which, he said, was illustrative of the kind of stuff the public is being handed these days.

That's all I can read. I get up to the hotel so fast I'm practically shot out of a cannon. And who do I meet in the lobby but Stern, the manager. He's doing a balloon ascension.

"Listen, Siegel," he says. "When we made this deal we didn't figure on taking a rap on our food and service. Fun's fun, but this is murder. Your Cinderella is off the cuff right now, and you start paying. And, friend, you're paying plenty!"

"Between old friends, Mr. Stern," I say, "is that any way to talk? It's only a little mistake, and I promise it couldn't happen again."

There's no one in the suite except the maid. She says they're out all day long, buying the Cinderella a wardrobe, but I can wait if I want her autograph.

For fifteen minutes I smoke myself into a case of tobacco heart, then I send out for the early editions of the morning papers.

They've got Cinderella all over Page 1, and I have to admit myself that such a figure should be against the law. Maybe I can do a little switching myself. Maybe it's not too late to save the gag.

So they finally come in, but I can't say a word, there's so many newspaper people trailing along. What treachery, you wouldn't believe it.

The Cinderella walks over to a bowl of orchids and says, "How lovely! But what did they cost?"

"THEY cost maybe twenty-five dollars," I say. "Maybe thirty, maybe fifty dollars—what's the difference? For a Cinderella it should be strictly the best."

"But that's a month's grocery bill for some families," she says.

One of the newspaper boys yells, "What an angle!" and grabs a phone. "Here's a new lead on that Cinderella!" he says. "She doesn't want orchids. Yea, and get this: The picture people had it set for her to get her wardrobe at Swopes' over on Lakeview Drive, but she picked up a couple of snappy outfits at sixteen dollars and fifty cents each in a bargain basement! Yea, we got pictures. Sure, it may be only a gag, but what a gag!"

I get Eddie into the hall.

"All right," I said. "Start talking."

"Sammy," he says, "she's wonderful."

"A fine thing," I say, "you're putting on the glass slipper in bargain basements. Cinderella, marked down from sixteen-fifty, including the tax!"

"Sammy," he says, "I swear to you, it's her own idea. I've been arguing with her all day. I promised you no twists, but she won't listen. I guess I made the mistake of telling her how I thought it ought to be done. But when I set her in, I really thought she was going to do it the way you wanted."

"That's fine," I say. "From now on you're going to have a lot of time for thinking. You aren't working any more for Sensational. You realise that, don't you?"

"Sure, all right, Sammy," he says. "I don't blame you. I know how it looks."

"Eddie," I say, "I trusted you like a brother. So what happens? So I turn my back, and you ring in your own girl."

"Sammy," he says, "you got the wrong idea entirely. I only set her in because I really think she ought to be in pictures. And the only reason she went for it was because I told her I had no one else, and I had to have someone quick. But there's nothing on the personal angle. Only last night she told me it couldn't be. She's got her career, she said, and I have mine. She's very sad about the whole thing."

"In the picture," I say, "Cinderella is wearing only the latest model creations, and taking baths in milk with five per cent. guaranteed butterfat."

"The picture's a phony, and you know it," he says. "She's making a barrel of copy for you. Leave her

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THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

Rheumatism attacks all classes, all ages. The wage earner is the hardest hit, for it is estimated that this painful, crippling disease costs the people of Australia £500,000 in wages lost every year.

Doctor: (examining patient): "For how long have you been getting these muscular pains?"

Patient: "Oh, for quite a long time now, Doctor — lately I've been getting them more frequently, sometimes with a change in the weather, or if I get a chill. If I lift anything the least bit heavy I can't move for the pain."

Doctor: "Where do you get the pains mostly?"

Patient: "In my neck or back first of all. Then they spread into my leg muscles and my shoulders."

Doctor: "What do you usually do when you get these pains?"

Patient: "I have to go to bed and stay there until the pain goes, as I can't bear to move."

Doctor: "Do your bowels open regularly?"

Patient: "Sometimes, Doctor, but quite often I am constipated."

Doctor: "It's very important to have the bowels regular. In my opinion you are suffering from the condition known as muscular rheumatism, which is very prevalent among people of all ages today. Muscular rheumatism is caused by toxins (poisons) in your blood stream, which are carried to the various parts of your body instead of being eliminated." That is why Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are so valuable in the treatment of muscular rheumatism, for they cleanse your blood of the poisons that cause Rheumatism, Backache, pains in limbs and shoulders, stiffness in joints, painful urination, constipation, loss of energy, irritability, bladder weakness, and depression.

If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids (the great treatment for the blood) from your nearest Chemist or Store, and begin the Menthoid treatment right away. A pure herbal remedy, Menthoids can only do you good and may be taken with safety by even the most delicate patient.

FREE Diet Chart — Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable Diet Chart which will help you. Be sure you get genuine Menthoids — refuse substitutes of this great treatment for the blood.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids 6/10 & 3/8 From Your CHEMIST or STORE.

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Why be content with halfway measures . . . You want to be sure the aura of perspiration does not follow you, or that your clothes are not contaminated with its mal odour. Only by stopping perspiration, a safe practice in the underarm, doctors say, can you be sure you are free from perspiration odour.

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Think of it! Many years suffering ended in one week. You, too, should never be without a tin of this wonderful ointment. Germolene soothes at a touch, stops itching and smarting, reduces soreness, causes new skin to grow.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

173. OBTAIN your paper pattern now and make a pair of these pretty pyjamas. The yoked coat features a tiny "lawyer's" collar, and the short sleeves are pleated into a fitted band.

Tailored 'jama suit

. . . combining comfort and chic

THESE attractive pyjamas are made on trim lines, and are feminised with dainty touches of embroidery.

Paper patterns are obtainable for this smart suit in sizes 32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. bust measurement. Full instructions for cutting and making are given with each pattern, 4½yds., 36ins., required for making. Price, 1/10 complete. Embroidery transfer, price 1/8 extra.

Engaging daisy frock

Designed for mid-summer

THIS very dainty and cool design is now available from our Needlework Department traced on the best quality eyelet linen in the attractive shades of white saxe-blue, sky-blue, pink, and green. The material is uncrushable and launders excellently.

The pattern is clearly marked ready to cut out, machine and embroider. Floral motifs trim the turn-back collar, the front of the bodice, and the twin pockets on the skirt, and a small yoke adds fullness to the skirt. The sleeves are short, set in and well extended, and the skirt is slightly flared and a four piece.

This frock is also obtainable in waffle cloth and slub linen. White only. Made in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, the prices are as follows:

Sizes 32 and 34-inch. Eyelet linen, 15/6; waffle cloth, 14/11; slub linen, 15/3. Plus 9d. postage on each item.

Sizes 36 and 38-inch. Eyelet linen, 17/3; waffle cloth, 16/11; slub linen, 16/9. Plus 9d. postage on each item.

Embroider in a darker shade than the material chosen for a delightful and attractive finish. Cottons are priced at 3d. per skein at our Needlework Department.

Paper pattern is also available for the price of 1/7. Transfer 2/- extra.

170. EVERY fashion-alert lass will appreciate the charm of this cool eyelet linen frock garnished with cut-out daisies.

CASUAL CHIC FOR SUMMER

THIS beguiling frock is made in eyelet linen, waffle cloth, and slub linen, and is available from our Needlework Department traced ready to be cut out, machined, and embroidered. The design is simple, but most effective, with its embroidered yoke and shaped waistband. The sleeve is very dainty, and the skirt is the slightly flared four-gored type.

The eyelet linen is in white, saxe-blue, sky-blue, pink, and green, but the waffle cloth and slub linen are available in white only. Sizes are 32 to 38-inch, and prices are as follows:

32 and 34-inch, eyelet linen, 15/3; waffle cloth, 14/9; slub linen, 14/11. Plus 9d. postage on each item.

36 and 38-inch, eyelet linen, 16/11; waffle cloth, 16/9; slub linen, 16/6.

Cottons for working are also available for the price of 3d. per skein.

Paper pattern of design is priced at 1/7. Plus 1/6 extra for transfer.

171. PLAY UP to summer with a beguiling little frock like this one. The sweet embroidered yoke and cummerbund add fashion interest. For extra flattery it features a heart-shaped neckline and extended sleeves.

IF YOU LOVE smart things for your home, you simply must have this attractive set. It is easy to embroider and the poinsettia design provides a brilliant touch of color.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

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MAKE THIS GAY NEW SUPPER-SET

THIS colorful set is now available from our Needlework Department traced on the best quality sheer linen in white, saxe-blue, green, sky, lemon, pink, and tussore.

The cloth measures 36in. x 36in., the tray-cloth 14in. x 25in., the tea-cosy 13in. x 10in., the sandwich d'oyley 5in. x 11in., the round d'oyley 8in. x 8in., and the serviettes 11in. x 11in.

The poinsettia design is easy to work, and looks very effective. The edge is finished in buttonhole-stitch, with tiny hooks at each scallop. The flowers are worked in either buttonhole-stitch, or stem-stitch, and may be completely filled in or just the outline worked. The centres are done in french knots.

To purchase these items, either in the full set or individually, the prices are as follows:

Cloth, 36ins. x 36ins., 6/11; traycloth, 14ins. x 25ins., 3/11; cosy, 13ins. x 10ins., 2/11; round d'oyley, 8ins. x 8ins., 1/- each; sandwich d'oyley, 5ins. x 11ins., 1/- each, and the serviettes, size 11ins. x 11ins., are 1/- each. Plus 7d. postage on order. The complete set, consisting of cloth, traycloth, cosy, one 8ins. x 8ins. d'oyley, one 5ins. x 11ins. d'oyley, and one serviette, is priced at 15/11. Plus 9d. postage.

Cottons to work are also available for the price of 3d. per skein.

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Excuse me— you must have Inner Cleanliness too!

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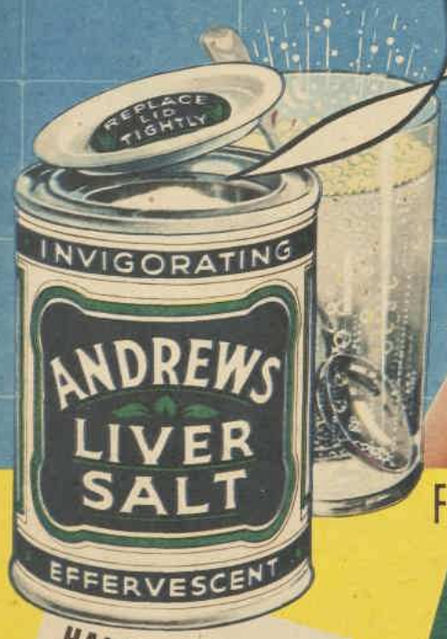

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